THE Lancashire - Witches, AND Tegue o Divelly THE Irish - PRIEST: A COMEDY Acted at the DUKE's Theater.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL.*

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Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntq; futura.

LONDON:
Printed for *John Starkey* at the *Miter* in *Fleetstreet* near *Temple-Barr.* MDCLXXXII.

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TO THE READER.

FOps and Knaves are the fitteſt Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with variety of Vanities and Knaveries till this unhappy diviſion. But all run now into Politicks, and you muſt needs, if you touch upon any humour of this time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then ſo narrow, I ſaw there was no ſcope for the writing of an intire Comedy, (wherein the Poet muſt have a reliſh of the preſent time) and therefore I reſolved to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my ſelf up to the ſtrict rules of a Comedy; which was the reaſon of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm, that Young Hartfort, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O Divelly are true Comical Characters, and have ſomething new in 'em. And how any of theſe (the Scene being laid in Lancaſhire) could offend any Party here; but that of Papiſts, I could not imagine, till I heard that great oppoſition was deſign'd againſt the Play (a month before it was acted) by a Party who (being aſhamed to ſay it was for the ſake of the Iriſh Prieſt) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and ſeveral profeſt Papiſts railed at it violently, before they had ſeen it, alledging that for a reaſon, ſuch dear Friends they are to our Church. And (notwithſtanding all was put out that could any way be wreſted to an offence againſt the Church) yet they came with the greateſt malice in the world to hiſs it, and many that call'd themſelves Proteſtants, joyn'd with them in that noble enterpriſe.

How ſtrict a ſcrutiny was made upon the Play you may eaſily ſee, for I have in my own vindication Printed it juſt as I firſt writ it; and all that was expunged is Printed in the Italick Letter. All the difference is, that I have now ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Maſter of the Revels (who I muſt confeſs uſed me civilly enough) Licenc'd it at firſt with little alteration: But there came ſuch an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that you ſee differently Printed, except about a dozen lines which he ſtruck out at the firſt reading.

But, for all this, they came reſolved to hiſs at it right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary Fellows, who were ſuch Fools they did not know when to hiſs, and

this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderful to see men of great Quality and Gentlemen in so mean a Combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quash'd all the vain attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hissers yielded, and the Play lived in spight of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me; above that of excelling the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by me.

Now, for reflecting upon the Church of England, you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended nothing less. And I am well assured that no Learned, or Wise Divine of the Church, will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.

But they who say that the representation of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Lively-hood, exposed for his Folly and Knavery, and expell'd the Family) should concern, or reflect upon the Church of England, doe sufficiently abuse it. A foolish Lord, or Knight is daily represented: nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their Order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any Impudent Hot-headed Tantivy Fool be exposed; I am confident that the Sober and the Wise Divines of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concern'd in it, that they detest them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concern'd, but Kelly (one of the Murderers of Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd Name, and Tegue O Divelly his true one. For Whores and Priests have several names still.

Some of the worsted Party of the Hissers were so malicious to make People believe (because I had laid the Scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoyning County. Which no man, that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do here solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my thoughts to do so.

But the Clamours of a Party (who can support themselves by nothing but falshood) rose so high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treason, had reflected upon His Majesty, and that the Scene of the Play was against the Government of England. Which are Villanies I abhor, and some of the Reporters I believe would not stick at. But I am well assured they did not believe themselves, only (out of malice to me) thought if they could bring the report to Windsor (which they did) by that means to cause the silencing the Play, without farther examination: But they who had the Power, were too just for that, and let it live.

For

For these reasons I am forced, in my own vindication, to Print the whole Play just as I writ it (without adding, or deminishing) as all the Actors who rehers'd it so a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may testifie.

For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling Shakespear *in fancy, who created his Witchcraft for the most part out of his own imagination (in which faculty no man ever excell'd him) and therefore I resolved to take mine from Authority. And to that end, there is not one action in the Play, nay scarce a word concerning it, but is borrowed from some antient, or Modern Witchmonger. Which you will find in the notes, wherein I have presented you a great part of the Doctrine of Witchcraft, beleive it who will. For my part, I am (as it is said of* Surly *in the* Alchymist, *somewhat costive of beleif. The evidences I have represented are natural,* viz *slight, and frivolous, such as poor old Women were wont to be hang'd upon.*

For the actions, if I had not represented them as those of real Witches, but had show'd the ignorance, fear, melancholy, malice, confederacy, and imposture that contribute to the beleif of Witchcraft, the people had wanted diversion, and their had been an other clamor against it, it would have been call'd Atheistical, By a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil should be lessen'd, and attribute more miracles to a silly old Woman, then ever they did to the greatest of Prophets, and by this means the Play might have been Silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe which is, that Witchcraft, being a Religion to the Devil, (for so it is) their charms upon several occasions being so many offices of the Witches Liturgy to him,) and attended with as many ceremonies as even the Popish Religion is, 'tis remarkable that the Church of the Devil (if I may catachrestically call it so) ha's continued almost the same, from their first writers on this subject to the last. From Theocritus *his* Pharmaceutria, *to* Sadducismus Triumphatus: *and to the shame of Divines, the Church of Christ has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.*

I have troubled you too long, speak of the Play as you find it.

ERRATA.

IN the Notes upon the 1st Act, for *fabicatorum* r. *fabricatorum*. In the Notes upon the 2d Act, r. *solent ad conventum*, after *Dæmonem* expunge the *Colon*, after *hircum horridum*, r. &c. for *Ecrates* r. *Eucrates*. for *Matu præceptus*, *Matri præreptus*. for *furgentio* r. *turgentia*, instead of *vero quod nomine*, r. *vero*. for *devocat*, r. *devorat*. for *cansat*, *cantat line penult*. *alta hic salta illic*. The rest of the faults in the Printing, the connexion and the sence will make you mend.

The

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PRO-

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PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the stage,
But seeing what slight Plays still please th' Age
He is drawn in: And thinks to pass with ease,
He cannot write so ill as some that please.
Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All faults but of good Writing you can bear.
The common Eyes all paintings please alike,
Signs are as good to them as pieces of Vandike,
Our Author honours th' understanding Few;
And from the [illegible] he appeals to you:
For (tho' in Interest most should judge:) 'Tis fit
There should an Oligarchy be in Wit:
False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
Rank and we grown — and all run up to Seed.
In knavish Politicks much of [illegible] employ'd,
With nasty [illegible] the Town is Cloy'd,
Which dayly from the Teeming press [illegible] found,
But true Wit seems in Magick-Fetters bound,
Like sprights which Conjurers Circles do surround.
The Age soure must [illegible] further, when
It cannot bear the Cauterizing pen:
When Satyr the true medicine is [illegible],
What hope of Cure can our Corruptions find?
If the Poets end only to please must be,
Juglers, Ropedancers, are as good as He.
Instruction is an honest Poets aim,
And not a large or wide, but a good Fame.
But he has found long since this would not do,
And therefore thought to have deserted you:
But Poets and Young Girls by no mishaps
Are warn'd, those damming fright not, nor these Claps.
Their former Itch will spite of all perswade,
And both will fall again to their old trade:
Our Poet says that some resolve in spite
To damn, tho' good, what ever he shall write.
He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,
He swears, in sence, his friends out weigh such foes.
He cares not much whether he sink or swim,
He will not suffer, but we shall for him.
We then are your petitioners to Day,
Your charity for this Crippled peice we pray
We are only losers if you damn the play

DRAM-

DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir *Edward Hartfort.* — A worthy Hospitable true English Gentleman, of good understanding, and honest Principles.

Young *Harfort* his Son. — A Clownish, sordid, Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking Ale, and Country Sports.

Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead.* — A simple Justice, pretending to great Skill in Witches, and a great Persecuter of them.

Sir *Timothy Shacklehead.* — Sir *Jeffery*'s Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at *Oxford*, and the *Inns of Court.*

Tom. Shacklehead. — Sir *Jeffery*'s poor Younger Brother, an humble Companion, and led: drinker in the Country.

Smerk. — Chaplain to Sir *Edward*, Foolish, Knavish, Popish, Arrogant, Insolent; yet for his Interest, Slavish.

Tegue O Divelly. — The Irish-Priest, an equal mixture of Fool and Knave.

Bellfort. — Two *Yorkshire* Gentlemen of good Estates, well bred, and of good Sense.

Doubty.

La. *Shacklehead.* — Wife to Sir *Jeffery*, a notable discreet Lady, something inclined to Wantonness.

Theodosia. Daughter to Sir *Jeffery*, and Lady. — Women of good Humour, Wit, and Beauty.

Isabella. Daughter to Sir *Edward Hartfort.*

Susan. House-Keeper to Sir *Edward.*

Clod. A Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir *Edwards* Family.

Thomas o Georges. Another Country Fellow.

Constable.

The Devil
Mother *Demdike.*
Mother *Dickenson.*
Mother *Hargrave.*
Mal. Spencer.
Madge, and several other — Witches.

Old Woman that Searches them.

Servants, Dancers Musicians, Messenger, &c.

The Scene in *Lancashire*, near *Pendle-Hills.*

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THE Lancaſhire Witches AND *TEGUE O DIVELLY* THE Iriſh PRIEST.

ACT. I.

Enter Sir *Edward Harfort* and *Smerk*.

Smerk. *SIR, give me leave, as by my duty bound,*
To let you know (though I am lately come
Into your Family) I have obſerv'd
(For all your real curteſie, and ſeeming mirth
Among your Friends that viſit you) a fixt
And conſtant melancholly does poſſeſs you, Sir,
When y'are alone, and you ſeem not to reliſh
The happineſs your ample fortune, and
The great eſteem your worth has ever gain'd
From all good men might give you, I am bound
To inquire the Cauſe, and offer my Advice.

Sir Edw. *Pray ſearch no further, I, for once, can pardon*
The raſhneſs of your curioſity.
I did not take you for my Councellor.

Smerk. *You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock:*
And I am bound in Conſcience to Adviſe,

And ſearch into the troubles of your ſpirit,
To find the ſecrets that diſturb your mind.
Sir Edw. *I do not wonder that a Parſon ſhould*
Be fooliſh and pragmatical; but know,
I will adviſe and teach your Maſter of Artſhip
(That made you lord it over Boys and Freſhmen)
To add to your ſmall Logick and Divinity
Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sence and Good-manners,
Smerk. *Conſider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.*
Sir Edw. *Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Servant.*
And do you think a Caſſock and a Girdle
Can alter you ſo much, as to enable
You (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)
To teach me? Know, I only took you for
A mechanick Divine, to read Church Prayers
Twice every day, and once a week to Teach
My Servants Honeſty and Obedience.
You may be Belweather to a ſilly Flock,
And lead em where you pleaſe, but ne're muſt hope
To govern men of ſenſe and knowledg.
Smerk. *My Office bids me ſay this is profane,*
And little leſs than Athieſtical.
Sir Edw. *You're inſolent, you're one of the ſenceleſs,*
Hotheaded Fools, that injure all your Tribe;
Learn of the wiſe, the moderate and good,
Our Church abounds with ſuch examples for you.
I ſcorn the name of Atheiſt, you're ill-manner'd.
But who e're touches one of you hot-ſpur Parſons,
You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.
Smerk. *My Orders give me Authority to ſpeak.*
Sir Edw. *Your Orders ſeparate, and ſet you a-part*
To Miniſter, That is to ſerve in Churches,
And not to domineer in Families.
Smerk. *A power Legantine I have from Heaven.*
Sir Edw. *Show your Credentials. Come good petulant*
Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books
And old Black thred-bare Clothes to morrow-morning,
And leave my Houſe; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare,
Will carry double, for your Spouſe and you;
When ſome caſt Chamber-Maid ſhall ſmile upon you,
Charm'd with a Vicaridge of forty pound
A year, the greateſt you can ever look for.
Smerk. *Good Sir! I have offended, and am ſorry.*
I ne're will once commit this fault again,
Now I am acquainted with your Worſhips mind.

Sir Edw. *So, now you are not bound in Conscience then*
The indiscretion of such paultry fellows
Are scandals to the Church and Cause they Preach for.
What fatal mischiefs have domestick Priests
Brought on the best of Families in England!
Where their dull Patrons give them line enough,
First with the Women they insinuate,
(Whose fear and folly makes them slaves t'you,)
And give them ill opinions of their Husbands.
Oft ye divide them if the women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
Then y' have the secrets of the Family,
Dispose oth' Children, place and then displace,
Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. *Good, Noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.*

Sir Edw. *The Husband must not drink a Glass, but when*
You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
None shall be welcom but whom you approve:
And all this favour is, perhaps, requited
With the infusing of ill principles into the Sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you
Obtain so much to be Executor:
And, if he dies, marry his Widdow, and
Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.

Smerk. *Sweet Sir forbear, I am fully sensible.*

Sir Edw. *With furious zeal you press for Discipline,*
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
(With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
A persecuting spirit) you roar at
Those whom the wisest of your function strive
To win by gentleness and easie ways.
You dam 'em if they do not love a Surplice.

Smerk. *Had I the power, I'de make them wear pitcht Surplices,*
And light them till they flam'd about their Ears
I would——

Sir Edw. *Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.*
The learnedst and the wisest of your Tribe
Strive by good life and meekness to o'recome them.
We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
Abhorring ways of Blood and Cruelty;
Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.
Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Throne.
I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,

I will have moderation in my House.

Smerk. *Forgive my zeal, and, if your Worship please,*
I will submit to all your wise Instructions.

Sir Edw. *Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you.*
Search not the secrets of my House or me.
Vain was our Reformation, if we still
Suffer auricular Confession here,
By which the Popish Clergy rule the world.
No business in my Family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.

Smerk. *I will not.*

Sir Edw. *No controversial Sermons will I hear:*
No medling with Government; y'are ignorant
O'th Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.
A Plow-man is as fit to be a Pilot,
As a good Clergy-man to be a States-man, Sir,
Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
Because your flesh is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any Cause you would
Advance.

Smerk. *I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom.*

Sir Edw. *A meek and humble modest Teacher be;*
For pitteous trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must Quarrel, Quarrel who shall be
Most honest men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.

Smerk. *I will do any thing,*
Rather than lose your Worships grace and favour.

Sir Edw. *Begon.*

Ex. Smerk.

Enter *Isabella.*

Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and Melancholly?
I have observ'd you droop much on the suddain.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Isabella*, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother! who excell'd her Sex:
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain;
Not grave, but Wise; Chast, and yet kind and free;
Devout, not sower; Religious, not precise:
In her no fooliſh affectation was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.
She was all meekness and humility;
The tendereſt Mother, and the softeſt Wife.

Isab.

Isab. My Dearest and most Honoured Father,
(Had you not been the best of Parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mothers loss:
Loss of her tender care, and great example.
Sir Edw. Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.
Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father?
Sir Edw. Thou'rt wise, to thee I can declare my grief;
Thy Brother has been still my tender care,
Out of my duty, rather than affection,
Whom I could never bend by education
To any generous purpose, who delights
In Dogs and Horses, Peasants, Ale and Sloth.
Isab. He may have Children will be wiser, Sir.
And you are young enough yet to expect
Many years comfort in your Grandchildren.
Sir Edw. To that end, I would match the unhewn Clown
To the fair Daughter of Sir *Jeffery Shaklehead*,
Who has all the perfections can be wish'd
In woman-kind, and might restore the breed:
But he neglects her to enjoy his Clowns,
His foolish sports, and is averse to Marriage.
I would not have my name perish in him.
Isab. aside. } I am sure shee'l never help to the continuance.
Sir Edw. But thou art good, my Child, obedient.
And though Sir *Timothy*, Sir *Jeffery*'s Son,
Has not the great accomplishments I wish him,
His temper yet is flexible and kind,
And will be apt to yield to thy discretion.
His person not ungratious, his Estate
Large, and lies altogether about his House,
Which (for its scituation and its building)
With noble Gardens, Fountains, and a River
Runing quite through his Park and Garden,
Exceeds most in the North: Thou knowest my Child
How this cross match will strengthen and advance
My Family——He is coming hither from
His sport, He has given his Horse to his man, and now
Is walking towards us; I'le go and find
My Lady and her Daughter. *Ex. Sir* Edward.
Isab. Oh hard fate!
That I must disobey so good a Father:

I to no punishment can be condemn'd
Like to the Marriage with this foolish Knight.
But by ill usage of him, I will make him,
If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter *Sir Timothy Shaklehead.*

Sir *Tim.* Oh my Fair Couzen, I spied yee, and that made me give my man my Horse to come to you.

Isab. Me? have you any business with me?

Sir *Tim.* Business! yes Faith, I think I have, you know it well enough, but we have had no sport this afternoon, and therefore I made hast to come to you.

Isab. Such as you should have no sport made to you, you should make it for others.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, its no matter for that; but Couzen, would you believe it, we were all bewitched, Mother *Demdike* and all her Imps were abroad, I think; but you are the pretty Witch that enchants my heart. This must needs please her. *Aside.*

Isab. Well said, *Academy of Compliments*, you are well read I see.

Sir *Tim.* Ods Bud, who would have thought she had read that!

Isab. Nay, for Learning and good breeding let *Tim* alone.

Sir *Tim. Tim*! I might be Sir *Timothy* in your mouth though one would think.

Isab. I am sorry the King bestowed Honour so cheaply.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, not so cheap neither; for though my Lady Mother had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one a Hundred pounds, besides my Fees, I am sure of that: *Tim*, hum go too-----

Isab. Was there ever so fulsom a Fool!

Sir *Tim.* Besides, I gave Thirty Guinnies for the Sword I was Knighted with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own Sword upon me.

Isab. Do you abuse the Nobility? would a Nobleman sell you a Sword?

Sir *Tim.* Yes that they will, sell that or any thing else at Court. I am sure he was a great Courtier he talked so prettily to the Kings Dogs, and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great interest in them; He had all their names as quick, and *Mumper* and I don't know who, and discours'd with them, I protest and vow, as if they had been Christians.

Isab. Oh thou art a pretty Fellow; hey for little *Tim* of *Lancashire.*

Sir *Tim.* You might give one ones title one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Isab. Yes, I will give you your Title.

Sir *Tim.* Thank you dear Couzen. *He offers to kiss her hand, She gives him a box on the ear.*

Isab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool.

Sir *Tim.* Fool! I defie you, I scorn your words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so uncivil, that it is: Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Isab. Once for all, as a Kinsman I will be civil to you; but if you dare make love to me, I'le make thee such an example, thou shalt be a terrour to all foolish Knights.

Sir *Tim.* Foolish! ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jest; why han't I been at *Oxford* and the Inns of Court? I have spent my time well indeed if I be a Fool still: But I am not such a Fool to give you over for all this.

Isab.

Isab. Doſt thou hear? thou moſt incorrigible lump, never to be lickt into form; thou Coxcomb incarnate; thou freſh, inſipid, witleſs, mannerleſs Knight, who weareſt a Knighthood worſe than a Haberdaſher of Small wares would; It ſerves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir *Tim.* Well, well, forſooth, ſomebody ſhall know this.

Isab. Every one that knows thee knows it. Doſt thou think, becauſe thy fooliſh Mother has Cocker'd thee with morning Caudles and afternoons Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love? I'le uſe thee like a Dog if thou dareſt but ſpeak once more of Love, or name the word before me.

Sir *Tim.* Mum, mum, no more to be ſaid, I ſhall be heard ſome-where. Will your Father maintain you in theſe things, ha Gentlewoman?

Isab. Tell if thou durſt, I'le make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone now preſently, I'le beat you. *Ex.* Sir *Tim.*

Enter *Theodoſia.*

Isab. My Dear, art thou come! I have been juſt now tormented by thy fooliſh Brothers awkward Courtſhip, forgive me that I make ſo bold with him.

Theo. Prethee do, my Dear, I ſhall be as free with thine, though he is not ſo great a Plague, for he is baſhful, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great comfort, no Lover at all: But mine is pert, fooliſh, confident, and on my Conſcience in love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are reſolved never to Marry where we are deſigned, that's certain. For my part I am a free Engliſh woman, and will ſtand up for my Liberty, and Property of Choice.

Theo. And Faith, Girl, I'le be a mutineer on thy ſide; I hate the impoſition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Isab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear *Theodoſia.*

Theo. But there are a brace of Sparks we ſaw at the *Spaw*, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes if they were here.

Isab. Bellfort and *Doubt*, they write us word they will be here ſuddenly, but I have little hopes; for my Father is ſo reſolved in whatever he propoſes, I muſt diſpair of his conſent for *Bellfort*, though he is too reaſonable to force me to Marry any one; beſides he is engaged, in honour, to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkeſt of ſubjection ſtill, or I either, we are in a deſperate caſe: No, mutiny, mutiny, I ſay.

Isab. And no money, no money will our Fathers ſay.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon thoſe Terms they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddy, ſay I.

Isab. If ſo, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as briſk as thou art for thy life; But canſt thou think they are ſuch Romancy Knights to take Ladies with nothing? I am ſcarce ſo vain though I am a woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the Earth; if every one could ſee their own faults 'twould be a ſad World.

Isab. Thou saist right, sure the world would be almost depopulated, most men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and women too: Is there any creature so happy as your affected Lady? or conceited Coxcomb?

Isab. I must confess they have a happy error, that serves their turn better than truth; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along my Dear. *Ex. Isabella and Theodocia.*

Enter Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim.* What a pox is the matter? She has piss'd upon a Nettle to day, or else the Witches have bewitched her. Hah, now I talk of Witches, I am plaguelly afraid, and all alone: No here's Nuncle *Tomas*.

Enter *Tho. Shaklehead*.

Tom. Sha. How now Couzen?

Sir *Tim.* Couzen? plain Couzen? You might have more manners Uncle, S'flesh, and one gives you an Inch, you'l take an Ell. I see Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom Sha. Well, Sir *Timothy*, then, Byr Lady I thought no harm; But I am your Uncle I le tell a that.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a Murrain do we keep you for, but to have an eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tennants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall? to sit at lower end oth' board at meals, rise make your Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? And you to be thus familiar!

Tom Sha. Pray forgive me good Couzen: Sir *Timothy*, I mean.

Sir *Tim.* Very well, you will be saucy again Uncle. Uds lud, Why was I Knighted but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother to forget it.

Tom Sha. Nay, nay, hand yee yeou mun ta't in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim.* My Mother would be in a fine taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my Lady, by th' Mass who'l be e'en stark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Caursers, the Hare ha's playd the Dee'l with us to neeghr, we han' been aw bewitch'd.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our faces, and our eyes never off from her.

Tom Sha. Ay, and then an awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to start up i'th same pleck! i'th' very spot o grawnt where we losten puss!

Enter

Enter Sir *Jeffery Shakkhead*, Sir *Edward Harfeurt*, young *Harfeurt*, *Chaplain*, *Clod*, and other Servants.

Sir *Edw.* Theſe are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be; your ſences are deceived.

Sir *Jeff.* My ſences deceived! that's well, Is there a Juſtice in *Lancaſhire* has ſo much skill in Witches as I have? Nay, I'le ſpeak a proud word, you ſhall turn me looſe againſt any Witch-finder in Europe; I'd make an Aſs of *Hopkins* if he were alive.

Young *Har.* Nay, I'le ſwear 'tis true, a Pox on that awd Carrion Mother *Demdike*, ſhe ha's marr'd all our ſports, and almoſt kill'd Two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thouſand pound.

Sir *Edw.* Dreams, meer Dreams of Witches, old womens fables, the Devil's not ſuch a Fool as you would make him.

Sir *Jeff.* Dreams! mercy upon me! are you ſo profane to deny Witches?

Smerk. Heaven defend! will you deny the exiſtence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheiſtical.

Sir *Edw.* Incorrigible ignorance! 'tis ſuch as you are Atheiſtical, that would equal the Devils power with that of Heaven its ſelf. I ſee ſuch ſimple Parſons cannot endure to hear the Devil diſhonour'd.

Sir *Jeff.* No Witches? why I have hang'd above Fourſcore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Juſtitor*, *Sprenger*, *Godelman*, and *More*, and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that Writes ſweetly about Witches, very ſweetly.

Sir *Edw.* *Malleus Maleficarum* a Writer, he has read nothing but the titles I ſee.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh I a great man, *Malleus* was a great man; Read Cotizen, read the Antidote againſt Atheiſm: Well, I'le make work among your Witches.

Young *Har.* Ay good Sir *Jeffery* do, Uds Lud they'l grow ſo bold one ſhant go a Caurſing, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of theſe days; and then all the joy of ones life's gone.

Sir *Edw.* Why are thoſe all the joys of Life?

Young *Har.* Ay Godsfleſh are they, I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em, what's a Gentleman but his Sports.

Tho. Sha. Nay, byr Lady, I mun have a ſaup of Ale now and then, beſides ſports.

Sir *Jeff.* Why here's my Son, Sir *Timothy*, ſaw the Hare vaniſh, and the Witch appear.

Sir *Tim.* That I did upon my Honour Sir *Jeffery*.

Enter *Clod*.

Clod. So ho, here's the Hare again.

Young *Har.* Ha Boys, loo on the Dogs, more ſport, more ſport.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis almoſt dark, let's home: go to your Miſtreſs, Fool.

Young *Har.* Time enough for that, Sir, I muſt have this Courſe firſt, halloo.

They all go out as to Courſing.

Mother Demdike *rises out of the ground as they re-enter.*

Sir *Jeff.* Now, Sir *Edward*, do you ſee, the Hare is vaniſh'd, and here is the Hag.

Sir *Edw.* Yes, I ſee 'tis almoſt dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of ſticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I defy thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed Sir, you are a Schollard, pray defend me.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you ſhall ſee how the Witches fear me.

Sir *Edw.* The old women have reaſon to fear you, you have hang'd ſo many of 'em.

Sir *Jeff.* Now *Tom Shaklehead*, and you *Clod*, lay hold o'th' Witch quickly; now you ſhall ſee my skill, wee'l ſearch her, I warrant ſhe has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that ſhall be nameleſs; then wee'l have her watcht eight and fourty hours, and prickt with Needles, to keep her from ſleeping, and make her confeſs, Gad ſhee'l confeſs any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'l tye her Thumbs and great Toes together and fling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye, come, come, come, where are you?

Sir *Edw.* So I muſt have a poor old woman murder'd in my Houſe.

Mother Demdike *knocks down* Tom Shaklehead *and* Clod *and vaniſhes.*

Tom. Sha. } Oh the Witch, the Devil.
Clod. }

Sir *Jeff.* How now, what's the matter?

Tom Sha. Why by'r Lady, the Deel's i'th' matter, the old Hag has knockt us both down, and is vaniſht under grawnt I think.

Sir *Edw.* Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has eſcap'd.

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, ſhe has done't; a Witch has a mighty ſtrength: Six men are not ſtrong enough for a Witch of Fourſcore.

Sir *Edw.* Come prethy, Sir *Jeffery*, let's home and drive theſe fables out of her heads, its dark.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'le ſend my Warrant, and a Conſtable with that is ſtrong enough to beat ſix Witches, ay, ſix the ableſt Witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true. *Exeunt omnes.*

Mother Demdike *re-enters.*

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled theſe fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it, this night wee'l revel in Sir *Edward's* Celler, and laugh at the Juſtice. But to the buſineſs of the Night.

She ſings.

Come, Siſters, come, why do you ſtay?
Our buſineſs will not brook delay,
The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak.
From Lakes and Bogs the Toads do croak.
The Foxes bark, the Screetch-Owl ſcreams:
Wolves howl, Bats fly, and the faint beams

Of Glow-worms light grows bright a-pace;
The Stars are fled, the Moon hides her face.
b The Spindle now is turning round:
c Mandrakes are groaning under ground.
d I'th' hole i'th' Ditch, (our Nails have made)
e Now all our Images are laid,
Of Wax and Wooll, which we muſt prick,
With Needles urging to the quick.
f Into the hole I le poure a flood
Of Black Lambs bloud, to make all good.
The Lamb with Nails and Teeth wee'l tear.
Come where's the Sacrifice? appear.

Enter Mother Dickenſon, Hargrave, Mal, Spencer, *and ſeveral other Witches with a Black Lamb.*

Witches. 'Tis here.

Demd. Why are you all ſo tardy grown?
Muſt I the work perform alone?

Dicken. b Be patient Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.
To yonder Hall
Our Lord Weel call,
Sing, dance and eat,
Play many a feat,
And fright the Juſtice and the Squire,
And plunge the Cattel into the Mire.

But now to work { They tear the *Black Lamb* in pieces and poure the Blood into the hole.

i Deber, Deber, do not Stay,
Upon the Waves go ſport and play;
And ſee the ſhip be Caſt away.
Come let us now our parts perform,
And Scrape a hole, and raiſe a Storm.

Dicken. k Here is ſome Sea Sand I have Gotten,
Which thus into the Air I Throw.

Harg. Here's ſage, that under ground was rotten,
Which thus a-round me I beſtow.

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-croſs are lay'd.

Harg. The hole by our nayles is almoſt made.
Hogs Briſtles boyl within the Pot.

Demd. The Hollow ſflint Stone I have Got,

Which I over my Shoulder throw,
Into the weſt, to make winds blow.
Now water here, and urine put,
And with your Sticks ſtir it about.
Now dip your brooms, and toſs them high,
To bring the Rain down from the Sky.
Not yet a Storme? I Come, let us wound
The Air with every dreadful ſound,
And with five vipers beat the ground.

They beat the ground with Vipers, they bark, howl, hiſs, cry like Screetch-Owles, hollow like Owles, and make many confuſed noiſes: The Storm begins.

Song of three parts.

NOw the winds roar,
And the Skies Pour
Down all their Store.

It Thunders and Lightens.

And now the Nights black,
Heark how the Clouds crack.
Heark how the Clouds crack.

It Thunders and Lightens.

A hollow din the Woods now make,
The Vallies tremble, Mountains Shake,
And all the living Creatures quake.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It keeps awake the Sleepy fowl,
The Saylers Swear, the high Seas rowl,
And all the frighted Dogs do howl.

It Thunders and Lightens.

Demdike ſpeaks. Now to our tasks let's all be gone,
Our Maſter we ſhall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

They all ſet up a laugh.

Enter *Clod* with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clown. Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think Mother *Demdike* and all her Dee'ls are abroad to neeght, 'tis ſo dark too I canno ſee my hont. * Oh the Dee'l, the Dee'l, help! help! this is Mother *Demdike*, help, S'fleſh, what mun I do? I canno get dawn, 'ſwawnds Ayſt be clemd an I ſtay here aw neeght.

* One of the Witches flies away with the Candle and Lanthorn, Mother *Demdike* ſets him upon the top of a Tree, and they all fly away Laughing.

Enter

Enter *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Bell. Was there ever ſuch a Storm raiſed on a ſuddain, the Sky being clear, and no appearance on't before?

Doubt. But the worſt part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a ſtrange Countrey, the night ſo dark that Owls and Bats are wildred!

Bell. There is is no help, Cover the Saddles, and ſtand with the Horſes under that Tree, while we ſtand cloſe and ſhelter our ſelves here; the Tempeſt is ſo violent it cannot laſt.

Doubt. Now Philoſophy help us to a little patience, Heaven be praiſed we are not at Sea yet.

Bell. Theſe troubles we Knight Errants muſt endure when we march in ſearch of Ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good Lodging as our Dogs have which we ſent before to *Whalley*. I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why So?

Doubt. Will any body think that a man in his right wits ſhould chuſe this Hilly Countrey to hunt in?

Bell. O, yes, there are Huntſmen that think there's no ſport without venturing Necks or Collet-bones; beſides, there is no other way to hope to ſee our Miſtreſſes: by this means we ſhall troll out my Miſtreſſes Brother, who loves, and underſtands nothing but Countrey ſports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir *Edward Harfourt*, who is reported to be a wiſe, honeſt, hoſpitable, true Engliſh man. And that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shaklehead's* family, *Whally* being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Doubt. I am reſolved to ſee my Miſtreſs, what ere comes on't, and know my doom. Your *Yorkſhire* Spaw was a fatal place to me, I loſt a heart there, Heaven knows when I ſhall find it again.

Bell. Thoſe interviews have ſpoiled me for a man of this World, I can no more throw of my looſe corns of Love upon a Tennants Daughter in the Countrey, or think of Cuckolding a Keeping Fool in the City; I am grown as pittiful a whining Loving animal as any Romance can furniſh us with.

Doubt. That we ſhould ſcape in all the *Tour* of *France* and *Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and catch this diſtemper in the North! but my *Theodoſia* in humour, wit and beauty has no equal.

Bell. Beſides, my *Iſabella*!

Doubt. To you your *Iſabella's* equal.

Bell. We are pretty fellows to talk of Love, we ſhall be wet to the Skin; yonder are lights in many Rooms, it muſt be a great Houſe, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is ſo dark, and among theſe Hills and Incloſures 'tis impoſſible. Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! what mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh pariſht: I mun try to get dawn. *He falls.*

Help

Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Bell. What a Devil is here a fellow fallen from the top of a Tree?

Doubt. Sdeath is this a night to climb in? what does this mean?

Clod. Oh! Oh!

Bell. Here, who art thou? Whats the matter?

Clod. Oh the Dee'l; avant, I defy thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give me thy hand, I'le help thee.

Clod. Begon, Witches I defy ye, help! help.

Bell. What doſt thou talk of? we are no Witches nor Devils, but travellers that have loſt our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon Ay'ſt talk wy ye a bit, yeow mun tack a care o your ſells, the plecs haunted with Buggarts, and Witches; one of 'em took my Condle and Lamthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it; and an other Set me o top o th' tree, where I feel dawn naw, Ay ha well neegh brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither underſtand his words, nor his Sence, prethee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why yeow are quite beſaid th' road mon, yeow Shoulden a gone dawn th' bonk by *Thomas* o *Georges*, and then een at yate, and turn'd dawn th' Lone, and left the Steepo o'th' reeght nont.

Bell. Prithee dont tell us what we ſhould have done, but how far it is to *Whalley*.

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. Wee'l give thee an Angel and ſhow us the way thither.

Clod. Marry thats Whaint I conno ſee my hont, haw con Ay ſhow yeou to *Whalley* to neeght.

Bell. Canſt thou ſhew us to any houſe where we may have Shelter and Lodging to night? we are Gentlemen and ſtrangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay byr Lady con I, th' beſt ludging and diet too in aw *Lancaſhire*. Yonder at th' hough where yeow ſeen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whoſe houſe is that?

Clod. Why what a pox, where han yeow lived? why yeow are Strongers indeed! why, 'tis Sir *Ydard Harſcurts*, he Keeps oppen hawſe to all Gentry, yeou ſt be welcome to him by day and by neegnt he's Lord of aw here abauts.

Bell. My Miſtreſſes Father, Luck if it be thy will, have at my *Iſabella*, Canſt thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pawer of Company there naw, Sir *Jeffery Shaklehead*, and the Knight his Son, and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wiſhes, o my Dear *Theodoſia*, how my heart leaps at her! prethee guide us thither, wee'l pay thee well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'n breed aut o my ſences, I was ne'er ſo freeghtend ſin I was born, give me your hont.

Bell. No here are our men and Horſes, wee'l get up, and you ſhall lead the foremoſt: Now Stars be kind.

Ex. Omnes,

a This is a solemn description of a fit time for Witches to be at work. *b* The Spindle or Wheel is used in their conjurations. *Martial* makes it used for troubling the Moon, *lib.* 9. *Ep.* 3. *Quæ nunc Theſſalico lunam diducere rhombo & lib.* 2. *Ep.* 67. *Cum ſecta Cholco Luna Vapulat rhombo*, *Lucan* who of all the Poets writes with the moſt admirable height about Witchcraft in his ſixt Book, makes the Wheel or Spindle to be uſed in Love matters, *Traverſine torti Magica vertigine fili*, as does, *Ovid lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 8. *Seu bene quid gramen quid torto concita rhombo licia*, &c. And ſo *Propertius*, *lib.* 3. *Stamineæ rhombi ducitur illa rota.* And *lib.* 2. *Deficiunt Magico torti ſub carmine rhombi.* *c* The groaning of Mandrakes is a tradition of old women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third Act, it has been always thought of great uſe in Magick. *d* For chuſing Ditches for their Magick rights, *Ovid Metam.* lib. 7. *de medea: haud procul egeſta ſcrobibus tellure duabus ſacra facit.* For ſcraping holes with their Nails, *Horat*, *lib.* 1. *Satyr* 8. concerning *Canidia*, *and Sagana ſcalpere terram unguibus.* And it is uſed by our modern Witches, as you ſhall find in *Malleus Maleficarum*, *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, &c. *Id. lib.* 3. *diſquiſitionum Magicarum*, *Sect.* 4. *de ſagittarii aſſaſſin et imaginum fabricatorum Maleficia* tells many ſtories of their uſing *e* Images, he ſays, *Haud multum a ſagittario diſcrepat genus maleficorum qui quaſdam fabricantur imagines quas vel acubus pungunt vel igne liquant vel conſtringunt*, &c. See *Hect. Boeth.* the Hiſtory of King *Duff*, lib. 3. *rerum Scotearum Corn. Tacit. Ann.* 2*d de ſcelere piſonis et morte Germanici*, ſays, *reperiebantur ſolo et parietibus eruta humanorum corporum reliquiæ carmina et devotiones et nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis inſculptum ſemuſti cineres et tabe obliti aliaq; maleficia quibus creditur animas numinibus inferni ſacrari.* *Malleus Maleficarum*, and *Wierus* are full of examples of uſing Images in Witchcraft. *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 8. mentions both Waxen and Woollen Images, *Lanea et effigies erat altera cerea*, &c. *Ovid Epiſt. Hypſipile to Jaſon*, *Devovet abſentes ſimulacraq; cerea fingit. Hor.* 18. *Epod. Quæ moveare cereas imagines*, Ovid, *Amor.* 7. *Eleg.* 6. *Saguve punicea de fixit nomina cera.* *f Ovid ibid*, *et medium tenues in jecur urget acus Id. Ep.* before quoted, following that Verſe, *Et miſerum tenues in jecur urget acus.* See *Bodin. Dæmonoman. lib.* 2. *Cap.* 8. a great deal of ſtuff to this purpoſe. One in my memory had this kind of Witchcraft ſworn againſt her at the *Old-Bayley*, before *Steel*, Recorder of *London*, *g Hor. lib.* 1. *Satyr* 8. *de Canidia & Sagana pullum divellere morſicus agnam cæperunt*, *Ovid metam.* 7 *cultroſq; in guttur velleris atri conjecit et patulas perfundit ſanguine foſſas.* *h* All Witches, ancient and modern, are ſaid to have one preſiding at their conventions which they honour with a title. *Apuleius* mentions the *Regina ſagarum* & *Delrio*, *Diſqui. Mag. lib.* 2. *queſt.* 9. and this is found in all late examinations of Witches. *i Deber* is ſaid to be the Demon of the night, that flies about and does miſchief, and principally in Tempeſts, *Pet. de Loyer de ſpectris* in Engliſh, page 14. And *Bodin*, *lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. ſays, *Deber* is the Dæmon of the night, and *Chel-b* of the day. *k* For their rights in their imaginary raiſing of Storms. ſee *Bod. lib.* 2. *cap.* 8. *Remigius Dæmolat*, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 25. and *cap.* 29. alſo *Delrio*, *lib.* 2. *Queſt.* 1. enumerates a great many odd rites (different from the following.) For troubling the Air, and bringing darkneſs, Thunder, Rain, Hail, &c. ſee *Nider* in his *Formicarium*, *cap.* 4. *O laus de gentibus ſæpe nrionalibus*, *lib.* 3. *ſub titulo de magis et Maleficis Fimorum*, alſo *Malleus Maleficarum. Wierus de præſt. Dæm. hib.* 3. *cap.* 16. deſcribes at large the way of raiſing a Storm. Speaking of the illuſions of the Devil towards Witches, he ſays, *Itaq; eas inſtruit ut quandoq; ſilices poſt tergum occidentem verſus projiciant aliquando in arenam aquæ torrentis in aerem projiciant plerumq; ſcopas in aquam intingant cælumq; verſus ſpargant vel foſſula facta et lotio infuſo vel aqua digitum* (others ſay, *digitum vel baculum*) *commoveant ſubinde in olla porcorum pilos* (or as others ſay, *Setas porcinas*) *bulliant nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in vipa tranſverſe collocant*, See *Scott.* p. 60. he adds the uſe of rotten Sage. *l Lucan*, *lib.* 6. *Miratur Erictho hos ſatis licuiſſe vorare vratos; nunc verberat immotum vivo ſerpente cadaver*, I uſe live Serpents here upon another occaſion. *m* For theſe confuſed noiſes *Lucan* in the ſame Book, *Tunc vox Lethæi cunctis pollentior herbis excantare Deos conjuda murmura primum diſſona et humana multum diſcordia linguæ latratus habet illa canum gemituſq; Luporum quod trepidus bubo quod ſtrix nocturna queruntur quod ſtridens vibilant; feræ quod ſibilat anguis* &c. *Tot rerum vox una fuit*: See the latter part of the Notes in the ſecond Act, about the raiſing of Tempeſts; if you be ſo curious you may find ſomething in all Authors that treat of Witches, and many of em mention one *Bricus* King of *Sweeden*, who, as they believe, could do it by magick, as does *Delrio*, *Remigius*, and *Ludwigus*, *Elich Dæmonomagiæ*, *Queſtio* 6. *Silveſt. Prierias de ord. prædicatorum de ſtrigimagis*, Diſcourſes of the power of Witches in raiſing Storms: and *Guaccius compendium maleficarum*, *Godelmannus*, *Bartholomæus Spinæus* and many more.

ACT.

ACT. II.

Enter *Iſabella* and *Smerk.*

Iſab. *HOW this inſolence provokes me!* aſide.
You are not ſure in earneſt! to him.
Smerk. *Can any one behold thoſe radiant eyes*
And not have ſentiments of Love like mine?
Iſab. *This fellow has read Romances as well as Schoolmen.*
Smerk. *Thoſe eyes to which mine are the Burning-glaſſes*
That to my heart convey the fire of Love.
Iſab. *What a fuſtian Fool's this! Is this language*
For a Divine?
Smerk. *Are not Divines made of thoſe Elements*
Which make up other men: Divines may be
In love I hope.
Iſab. *And may they make love to the Daughter without*
The conſent of the Father?
Smerk. *Undoubtedly, as Caſuiſts muſt determine.*
Iſab. *Will not common ſence, without a Caſuiſt, tell*
Us when we do wrong, if ſo, the Law we are
Bound to is not plain enough.
Smerk. *Submit to the judgment of Divines (ſweet Lady)*
Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents,
But from above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I ſue.
Iſab. *Is it not fit I ſhould obey my Father?*
Smerk. *O no, ſweet Lady, move it not to him,*
Your Father has not reverence enough
For the Church and Churchmen,
Beſides, I'le tell you,
He is Atheiſtically inclin'd: pardon my boldneſs;
For he believes no Witches: But, Madam, if my
Poor perſon and my parts may ſeem gracious to you,
You lawfully may chuſe me to make happy.
Iſab. *Your perſon needs muſt pleaſe; 'Tis amiable.*
Smerk. *Ah ſweet Madam!*
Iſab. *Your parts beyond exception, neat, ſpruce, florid,*
And very diverting.
Smerk. *No, no, dear Madam.*
Iſab. *Who can behold your face without pleaſure? or*
Conſider your parts without Reverence?

Smirk.

Smerk. *O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great civilities: I profess you do.*

Isab. *'Tis impossible you should keep long from being Dignified.*

Smerk. *'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment Of so fine a Lady.*

Isab. *May I flatter my self to think you are in earnest?*

Smerk. *You may most exeellent Lady.*

Isab. *And so am I.* {She gives him a box on the Ear.

Smerk. *Sweet Madam, I receive you as a blessing on my knees.*

Isab. *Thou most insolent of Pedants, thou silly formal Thing with a stiff plain band, a little parsonical Grogram and a Girdle thou art so proud of, in which thou wouldest do well to hang thy self; some have vouchsaf'd to use it to that purpose: Thou that never wert but a Curate,—a Journey-man Divine, as thy Father was a Journey-man Taylor, before he could set up for himself, to have the impudence to pretend love to me!*

Smerk. *My function yet, I say, deserves more reverence.*

Isab. *Does it make you not an Ass, or not a Taylors Son?*

Smerk. *It equals me with the best of Gentry.*

Isab. *How Arrogance! Can any power give honour but the Kings? This is Popery, I'le have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain pate, that I could be contented with the pittiful equipage of a Parsons Wife? Bless me! to be carried home to an antique building, with narrow windows, and huge Iron-bars, like an old Jail in some Country Burrough, wickedly abus'd too with delapidations. To lye in* Darneux *Curtains, and a Beds-Tester, carv'd with Idolatrous Images, out of two loads of old Timber: or to have for a Friend or a Lying in, one better, one of worsted Chamblet, and to be dress't and undress't by my Cookmaid, who is my Woman and my Chambermaid, and serves me and the Hogs.*

Smerk. *I intend none of these. I assure you my House shall be——*

Isab. *I know what it will be: your Parlour hung with Green printed stuff, of the new fashion, with guilt Leather in panes, a fingers breadth at least, stuft up with a great many stinking* Russia *Leather Chairs, and an odious Carpet of the same: Then Shelves on one side of your Chimney for a pair of Tables, A Chess-board, your frame of Wax Candle and Tobacco-pipes.*

Smerk. *No, no, no, Madam.*

Isab. *On the other side, Shelves for huge Folios, by which you would be counted a great read man; vast large volumes of expositions upon a short Creed; some Twenty folio's upon the Ten Commandments;* Lauds, Heylins, Andrews, *and* Tom Fullers *works, with perhaps a piece of* Austin, *to shew you understand a little* Latin; *and this is your Ecclesiastical furniture, very fit for a Gentlewoman's eating room is it not?*

Smerk. *I understand the mode, Madam, and contemn such vulgar Ornaments.*

Isab. *And in this Parlour to eat Five Tithe-Piggs in a week, brought in by my Woman-Chambermaid, Wash-maid, Cook-maid, &c. And if it be not a working day, waited on by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tithe-gatherer all in one, with Horse-naild Shoes; his head new kemb'd and slick'd, with a starc'd-Band and no Cuffs.*

Smerk. *My merits will provide you better, please to bear me.*

Iſab. *Yes, I know your merits. Then to quible with you, for my deſert, your Back-ſide of half an Acre, with ſome Sixteen Trees of Marygold and Sweeting-Apples, Horſe-Plums, and Warden-pares, hem'd in with panes of antique crumbling Clay; where I ſhould have ſix Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.*

Smerk. *All theſe I much deſpiſe would you hear.*

Iſab. *Hear, yes, how I ſhould have nothing to entertain my Viſitors with, but ſtew'd Prunes and Honycombs, and flying Ale bottled with Lymon-pill, without all ſight of Wine. And ſhould I march abroad to viſit, 'twould be behind my Canonical Husband, perhaps upon a pied bald Mare big with Foal, holding both hands upon his Girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of Groom, off ſlips my nimble Husband firſt, then helps me down. And now, Fool, I have painted thee, and what thou art to truſt to, in thy colours.*

Smerk. *I beſeech you, Madam, moderate your paſſions: Hear my propoſitions.*

Iſab. *No, Impudence, my Father ſhall hear 'em.*

Smerk. *I beſeech you, Madam, for Heavens ſake, that will undo me. I ſhall deſiſt, I ſhall deſiſt.* *Ex. Iſabella.*

Enter *Suſan* the Chambermaid.

Good lack how a man may be miſtaken!
I durſt ha ſworn, by her courteſy and frequent ſmiles, ſhe had been in love with me.

Suſan. Sweet Sir, what is befallen you? has my Lady anger'd you? If ſhe can, her heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. *Suſan*, nothing, but to be thus diſpis'd. *To himſelf.*

Suſan. Dear Sir, can I ſerve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne're have been ſo elevated by any man; methinks I never ſhould have enough of your powerful Miniſtry, ſweet Sir.

Smerk. Piſh: If ſhe tells her Father I am ruin'd. *To himſelf.*

Suſan. Dear man, now, come drive away this ſadneſs.
Come, give me thy hand; let's ſit down and be merry.

Smerk. How! my hand! go too.
This creature is in Love with me: But ſhall my prodigious natural parts, and no leſs amazing acquiſitions in Metaphyſicks and School'd Divinity be caſt upon a Chambermaid? Farewell, I muſt not be too familiar. *Exit.*

Suſan. So ſcornful! Cruel creature, I will ſoften thee yet. Have I for thee ſet days and nights croſs-Legg'd and ſigh'd before thou cam'ſt hither? And faſted on St. *Agnes* night for thee? And ſince thy coming have tied three coulour'd True Loves Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs and ſtarch'd thy Band my ſelf, and never fail'd thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broath? have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fiſh in a part about me till it died, and then gave it thee to eat in thy Driuk, and all for this? Well, I will mollify thee. And Mother *Demdike* ſhall help me to morrow: I le to her, and diſcourſe her about it. If I have breath, I cannot live without him.

Enter

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort *and his Son.*

Sir *Edw.* *Suſan*, Go tell my Couſin *Theodoſia*, I would ſpeak with her.

Suſan. I will Sir. *Exit.*

Yo. *Har.* Pſhaw, now muſt I be troubled with making Love; a deuce take it for me: I had rather be a Courſing an twere time o'th' day.

Sir *Edw.* Now Son, for your own good and my ſatisfaction, I would have you (ſince her Father and I am agreed) to ſettle this buſineſs, and marry with *Theodoſia* with all the ſpeed that can be.

Yo. *Har.* What haſte Sir? For my part I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my ſports, I care for nought elſe.

Sir *Edw.* (But that thy Mother was too vertuous for my ſuſpition) I ſhould think that by thy ſordid mind thou wert a Stranger to my Blood; and, if you be not rul'd by me, aſſure your ſelf I'le make you a ſtranger to my Eſtate.

Yo. *Har.* What does he mean now? hah, to diſinherit me?

Sir *Edw.* No, part of it s entail'd; and if you will not marry where I direct you, your Siſter will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Conſider that.

Enter *Theodoſia.*

Here comes your Miſtriſs, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet Couſin be pleas'd to ſtay one moment with my Son: I'le wait on you again. *Exit.*

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How ſhall I be entertain'd by this Dolt! How much rather had he be with Country Juſtices and Farmers, in a low Thatch'd Houſe, with a ſmooth Black Pot of Ale in his hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel?

Yo. *Har.* What a Devil ſhall I ſay to her now? I had as leive knock my head againſt the wall as make Love. Will you pleaſe to ſit down Couſin?

Theo. Ay Couſin. And fall faſt a-ſleep if I can. *Aſide.*

Yo. *Har.* 'Twas a great Storm, and roſe very ſuddainly to night Couſin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. *Har.* Pox, I don't know what to ſay to her. *Aſide.*
'Tis almoſt over tho' now. *To her.*

Theo. 'Tis ſo.

Yo. *Har.* 'Tis ſo, What a Devil ſhall I ſay more? Would I were at ſix go downs upon reputation, in Ale, with honeſt *Tom Shaklebead.* *Aſide.*
What do you think 'tis a Clock Madam? *To her.*

Theo. Six minutes paſt eight by mine.

Yo. *Har.* Mine goes faſter. Is yours *Aſpenwolds*?

Theo. No *Tompions.*

Yo. *Har.* 'Tis a very pretty one! Piſh, I can go no farther, not I.

Theo. 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. *Har.* Ay ſo it is, and I am main ſleepy byr Lady,
Courſing had gotten me a woundy Stomack,
And I eat like a Swine Faith and Troth.

Theo. But it got you nothing to your Stomack.

Yo. *Har.* You have heard the ſtory, we cours'd a Witch all day inſtead of a Hair; Mother *Demdike.*

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, ſhe would have been very tough meat.

Yo. *Har.* Ha, ha, ha, well I vow that s very well. I hope Sir *Jeffery* will hang the Witch; I am ſure ſhe has tired my Dogs and me ſo, that I am ſo ſleepy I can ſcarce hold up my head by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too: This dulneſs is almoſt as tedious as his making of Love would be.

Yo. *Har.* If 'twould hold up now, we ſhould have fine weather for Hawking to morrow, and then have at the Powts.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother *Demdike* too.

Yo. *Har.* Nay, marry I cannot tell: But would you would go a Hawking, you ſhould ride upon a Pad of mine, ſhould carry you with a Bumper in your hand, and not ſpill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field ſports I thank you Sir.

Yo. *Har.* Now can't I ſpeak a word more. *They paws.*

Theo. Now methinks we are meer man and Wife already, without marrying for the matter. Hah, he's a-ſleep, and ſnores like the Baſe-pipe of an Organ: Tho' I like his indifference better than I ſhould his Love; yet I have no patience to bear ſleeping in my face; that's a little too much.

Yo. *Har.* Oh Lord, what's that! Oh Mother *Demdike*! Oh, oh, the Witch, the Witch!

Theo. He talks in his ſleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. *Har.* Murder, murder, oh help, the Witch; oh the Witch, oh, oh, Mother *Demdike*!

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch: I'le try a trick with him.

She pulls the chair from under him. Et exit.

Yo. *Har.* Oh help, help, the Witch, the Witch, ay there ſhe vaniſht: I ſaw her, oh ſhe flew up the Chimney. I'le go to Sir *Jeffery*, and take my Oath preſently. Oh I am ſore frightned.

Enter Iſabella.

Oh the Witch, the Witch, Mother *Demdike.* *Exit* yo. *Har.*

Iſab. What ails the Fool, is he mad?
Here's a Coil with Witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, *Lady* Shacklehead *and Sir* Timothy.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Madam, are you there? I have done your errant.

L. *Sha.* Your Servant Couſin.

Iſab. Your Ladiſhips humble Servent.

L. *Sha.* Look you Couſin, Lady me no Ladies, unleſs you be civiller to Sir *Timothy.*

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Look you there.

Sir *Jeff.* I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant who we are.

La. *Sha.* Nay, prithee, Sir *Jeffery*, hold; Let me alone.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, go on my Dear, thou ſhalt have it; well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within Fifty miles of thy head, I'le ſay that for thee.

La. *Sha.* Pray Couſin conceive me, breeding is a fine thing; but you have always liv'd in the Country: I have, for my part, been often at *London*, lodg'd in *Covent-Garden*, ay, and been in the drawing Room too. Poor creature, ſhe does not know what that is.

Sir *Jeff.* Pray mind my Chicken, ſhe's the beſt bred Woman in the Country.

L. *Sha.* Pray ſpare me Sir *Jeffery*, here's Sir *Timothy*, I have bred him with great care and charges at *Oxford* and the Inns of Court.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and I have been in the Drawing-Room too.

L. *Sha.* I have gotten him Knighted too, for mine and Sir *Jefferies* ſervices, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us ſo well.

Iſab. What does your Ladyſhip drive at?

Sir *Tim.* Ay; you know well enough: Now you look as if Butter would not melt in your mouth.

La. *Sha.* Beſides, let me tell you, Sir *Timothy*'s perſon's as charming as anothers; his ſhape and height perfect, his Face, though I ſay it, exceeding good, his Eyes vigorous and ſparkling, his Noſe and Chin reſembling our Family; in ſhort, Nature has not been negligent in his Compoſition.

Sir *Jeff.* Well, thou art the beſt ſpoken Woman in *England*, I'le ſay that for thee.

Iſab. I confeſs all this Madam.

Sir *Tim.* Oh, do you ſo.

La. *Sha.* Pray give me leave, not one Knight in the Land dreſſes better, or wears better fancied Garniture, or better Periwigs.

Sir *Tim.* My Triming's my own fancy; and the beſt Wigg-maker in *England*, one in *Crooked-lane* works for me.

La. *Sha.* Hold Sir *Timothy*, I ſay theſe things premis'd, it is not fit to uſe my Son uncivilly: I am loath to complain to your Father, conſider and be wiſe. I know we are politickly coy, that's decent; I, my ſelf, was ſo to Sir *Jeffery*.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay by'r Lady was ſhe. Well, I thought I ſhould never have won thee: Thou wert a parlous Girl.

La. *Sha.* But I was never uncivil.

Iſab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear Couſin! what makes thee think ſo? I aſſure your Ladiſhip I value him as he deſerves. What Couſin art angry for a jeſt? I think no man like him for my part.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, look you Sir *Timothy*.

La. *Sha.* Nay Sir *Timothy*, you are to blame, jeſting ſhews ones kindneſs, go too.

Sir *Tim.* I ſwear and vow I thought you had been in earneſt Couſin. I am your humble Servant.

La. *Sha.* Well, wee'l leave you together.

Sir *Jeff.* Come on Boy, ſtand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have—Well, no more to be ſaid.

La.

La. *Sha.* Come, come away, you will have your saying! *Exit Lady and Sir Jeffery.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum—

Isab. The very same I assure you.

Sir *Tim.* Ah my dear pretty Rogue! Then I le marry you presently, and make you a Lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing?

Sir *Tim.* Come feth, let's kiss upon that business, here's a Parson in the House; nay, feth, feth, I must kiss thee, my dear little Rogue.

Isab. Stand off Baboon, nay, a Baboon of good parts Exceeds thee; Thou Maggot, Insect, worse then any nasty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir *Tim.* What do you begin to call names again? but this is in Jest too prithee, Let me Kiss thee, pray dear, feth do.

Isab. In jest! Heaven is my witness theres not a living thing upon Two Leggs I would not chuse before Thee.

Sir *Tim.* Holloo, Wheres Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady?*

Isab. They are out of thy hearing Oaph. 'Slife how darst thou be so Impudent to love me with that face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at best in any one? Why thou hast the Rickets in thy face: There's no proportion, every feature by it self, is abominable; and put together Intollerable. Thou hast the very Lines and air of a Piggs face, *Baptista Porta* would have drawn thee so.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, What do you say? my face! I'le not change with e're a man in *Lancashire.* Face! talk of my face, Hah.

Isab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in *Lancashire*, and if thou wert in Womans Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one: Thy Face, I never saw so deform'd a thing on the head of an old *Lyra viol.* It might fright Birds from a Cherry garden: But what else tis good for, I know not.

Sir *Tim.* 'Sbud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think my self as handsome for a Man, as you are for a woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy visage, My maid with her Sizars in two minutes shall Cut me a Better in brown paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee; besides, thou hast a hollw Tooth would Cure the Mother beyond *Arsa fetida* or burnt Feathers.

Enter *Theodosia.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, well, You'l sing another note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest, I will not: If I were condemnd to Death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fools heart at rest then, and make no more nauseous Love to me. Thy Face to one fasting would give a vomit beyond *Crocus.*

Sir *Tim.* You are a proud, peevish, Minx, and that's the best of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I rise.

Theo. How now! What says the fool?

Sir *Tim.* Uds Ludlikins, huswife, If you provoke me I'le take you o' the Pate.

Isab. Thou odious, Loathsom Coxcomb, out of my sight, or I'le tear thy Eyes out.

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Coxcomb! ha, ha, ha, ah thou are a good one. Well I ſay no more.
Iſab. Da, da, pretty thing!

Enter Sir *Edward, Bellfort and Doubty.*

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, the ſtorm has oblig'd me that drove you under my Roof, I knew your Fathers well, we were in *Italy* together, and all of us came home with our Engliſh Religion, and our Engliſh Principles. During your ſtay here (which for my own ſake I hope will not be ſhort) command my Houſe: let not your Dogs and Servants lye at *Whalley*; but be pleas'd to know this Houſe is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generoſity makes good the Character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that *England* rings with, and all men of never ſo differing opinions agree in.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, you do me too much honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our Engliſh Gentry before we were corrupted with the baſe manners of the *French.*

Bell. If all had had that Noble reſolution, long ſince we had curb'd the greatneſs of that Monarch.

Iſab. What are theſe Apparitions, *Doubty* and *Bellfort*!

Theo. They are they indeed. Hay, what ails my heart to beat ſo faſt?

Iſab. Methinks mine is a little too buſy here.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinſwoman, I think you ſaw 'em laſt Summer at *Scarbrough.*

Bell. We did Sir. *They ſalute 'em.*

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of ſeeing ſo fine Ladies this night.

Enter Servant, and whiſpers to Sir Edward.

Bell. We could not expect this happineſs, till next Seaſon at the Waters.

Sir *Edw.* What ſtory is this? My Son almoſt frighted out of his wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a moment. *Ex. Sir* Edward *and Servant.*

Both. Your humble Servant.

Iſab. Nothing could be more unexpected than ſeeing you here!

Theo. Pray Gentlemen, How did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for *Whalley*, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters, I would ſuddainly be, we loſt our way by the darkneſs of the night, and wander'd till we came near this Houſe, whither an honeſt Country fellow brought us for ſhelter from this dreadful Tempeſt.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a brace of ſtray-fellows with the greateſt civility in the world: But, Madam, coming ſafe to ſhore, after a Shipwrack, could not bring ſuch joy to me, as I find in ſeeing you. *To Iſab.*

Doubt. The Sun, to a man left a Winter at *Greenland*, could not be ſo raviſhing a ſight, as you dear Madam are to me. *To Theo.*

Theo. This is Knight Errantry indeed.

Iſab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earneſt; for the Dames are diſpoſed of.

Bell.

Bell. } How, Married!
Doubt. }

Iſab. Not executed but condemn'd!

Theo. Beyond all hopes of mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam, you ſtruck me to the heart: I felt your Words here.

Bell. My heart was juſt at my mouth, if you had not ſtopt it with this Cordial 'thad flown. I may live now in hope of a reprieve for you.

Iſab. Our Fathers will never conſent to that.

Theo. Mine will not I am ſure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obſtinate than he.

Doubt. If they be ſo mercileſs, ſelf-preſervation, the great Law of Nature will juſtify your eſcape.

Bell. We Knight Errants, as you call us, will reſcue you I warrant you.

Iſab. But if we leave our fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you loſe your Father, Madam, you ſhall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, Madam, ſhall meet with one, whoſe perſon and whoſe fortune ſhall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too ſerious about this matter.

Iſab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly! oh 'tis a dreadful thing.

Bell. This hereſy can never be defended by you: a man muſt be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, *Servants.*

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a ſmall Collation to refreſh your ſelves.

Bell. Your Humble Servant.

Sir *Edw.* This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me a Tale of Witches, and here's an uproar in my Family, and they ſay this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in thoſe things.

Doubt. When I hear a very ſtrange ſtory, I always think 'tis more likely he ſhould lye that tells it me, than that ſhould be true.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis a good rule for our belief. *Exeunt.*

Smerk. My blood riſes at them, Theſe are damn'd Hobbiſts and Atheiſts, I'd have 'em burnt in *Smithfield.*

Iſab. Well, theſe Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horſes at *Whadley* to morrow, where they muſt ſtay ſome time before we ſee 'em again.

Theod. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be ſo preſs'd upon us, now the Writings are ſealed, and Clothes bought, we ſhall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Iſab. I am reſolv'd to conſult with the Gentlemen this night whatever comes on't.

Theo. How canſt thou poſſibly bring it about my Dear?

Iſab. I warrant thee, a Womans wit will naturally work about theſe matters. Come my Dear. *Ex. omnes.*

The

The Scoen Sir *Edward's* Celler.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little *a* Master's come.
Let each of us *b* salute his Bum. *All kiss the Devils Arse.*
See our provisions ready here,
To which no *c* Salt must ere come near. *Table rises.*
M. Spen. Who draws the Wine?
Demd. Our *d* Brooms shall do't.
Go thou.
Dicken. And thou.
Harg. And thou.
Mal. Spen. And thou. *Their Brooms all march off and fetch Barlee.*
Devil. e What have ye done for my delight?
Relate the service of the night.
Demd. To a Mothers Bed I softly crept,
And while th'unchristen'd Brat yet slept,
f I suck the breath and *g* blood of that,
And stole anothers flesh and fat,
Which I will boyl before it stink;
The thick for Ointment, then for Drink
I le keep——
h From a Murdrer that hung in Chains
I bit dryd Sinews and shrunk Veins.
Marrow and Entrails I have Brought,
A piece of th' Gibbet too I got,
And of the Rope the fatal Knot.
I sunk a Ship, and in my flight
I kickt a Steeple down to Night.
Devil. Well done my Dame, Ho, ho, ho, ho.
Dick. i To Gibbets I flew and dismal Caves,
To Charnel houses and to Graves.
k Bones I got, and flesh enough
From dead mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,
Their Eye-balls with my nailes scoop'd out
And pieces of their Limbs I've brought——
l A Brat ith Mothers Womb I slew.
The Fathers neck I Twisted too.
Doggs-barkt, Cocks-Crowed, away I flew.
Devil. A good Servant, Ho, ho, ho.
Harg. m Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch
I snatcht, and more from a ravenous Bitch.
n Mongst Tombs I search'd for flesh and bone,
o With hair about my ears alone.

o Fing-

? Fingers, Noſes, and a Wen.
And the blood of murder'd men,
q A mad Dogs Foam, and a Wolves Hairs,
A Serpents Bowels, Adders Ears,
I put in my Poutch; and coming back
The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.
I ſent the murren into Hogs,
And drove the Kine into the Bogs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

M. Spen. r To make up Love Cups I have ſought,
A Wolfs Tail, Hair, and Yard, I've got
The Green Frogs Bones, whoſe fleſh was tain
From thence by Ants; then a Cats Brain,
The Bunch of fleſh from a black Foles head,
Juſt as his Dam was brought to Bed,
Before ſhe lickt it; and I have ſome
Of that which falls from a Mares Womb
When ſhe's in Luſt; and as I came home
I put a woman into fits
And frighted a Parſon out of his wits.

Devil. All's well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Song. 1.

WHat joy like ours can mortals find?
We can command the Sea and Wind:
All Elements our Charms obey,
And all good things become our prey;
The daintieſt Meat, and luſtieſt Wine,
We for our Sabaths ſtill deſign.
'Mongſt all the great Princes the ſun ſhall ere ſee.
None can be ſo great, or ſo happy as we.

2.

We Sail in Egg-ſhells on rough Seas,
And ſee ſtrange Countries when we pleaſe;
Or on our Beaſts we can fly,
And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
We leave the ſwifteſt Birds behind,
And when we pleaſe outſtrip the Wind:
Then we feaſt and we revel after long flights,
Or with a Lov'd Incubus ſport all the night.

3.

When we're on Wing, we ſport and play,
Mankind, like Emmets, we ſurvey;
With Lightening blaſt with Thunder Kill.
Cauſe barrenneſs where e're we will.
Of full revenge we have the power;
And Heaven it ſelf can have no more.
Heres a health to our Maſter the Prince of the Flier,
Who commands from Center all up to the Skies.

All. ſ Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, hoo, ſabath, ſabath, ſabath, Devil, Devil, Devil, dance here, dance there, play here, play there, harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, hoo.

They all ſink and vaniſh.

Act Ends.

For the Chamber-maids superstition.

* *Burchard Decret.* amongst his questions about Confession, where this is found, *Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent Tollunt Piscem vivum & mittunt eum in puerperium suum & tam diu eum ibi tenent donec mortuus fuerit & decocto pisce vel assato mariti sui ad comedendum tradunt ideo faciunt hoc ut pho in amorem earum exardescant: si fecisti duos annos per Legitimas ferias penitea.* For the Knots, *Virg. Eclog.* 8. *Nectè tribus nodis ternos Amarilli colores, nectè Amarilli modo, & Veneris, dic vincula necto.*

a They call the Devil that calls them to their Sabbaths or Feasts, Little *Martin*, or little Master, *Delrio Disquis. Mag. quæst.* 16. *lib.* 2. and *Bodin Dæmonomen. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. have the same relation out of *Paulus Grillandus*, He is said to call them with a human voice, but to appear in the shape of a Buck-Goat; *Evocabatur voce quidam velut humana ab ipso dæmone quem non vocant dæmonem sed magistrulum alias Martinettum Hunc sive Martinellum.* And a little after, *Et statim hircus ille ascendebat per aerem, &c.* Almost all Authors that speak of Witches Sabaths, say, that he is call'd *Martinetus* or *Magistrellus*, and that he appears in form of a Buck-Goat: about their Sabaths. See *Nicholaus Remigius, lib.* 1. *cap.* 14. *Philippo Ludwig. Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, Quæst.* 10. *Solent ad convocandum delatæ Lamiæ Dæmonum; Synagogæ præsidem & rectorem in solio considentem immutatum in Hircum horridum: Guaccius compendium Maleficarum, Lib.* 1. *cap.* 13. *Ibi Dæmon est cornutus præsidet in solio sedet horribus terrificus ut plurimum Hirci, &c.* b Kissing the Devils Buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the Devil, as *Bodin* says Doctor *Edlin* did, a *Sarbon* Doctor, who was burn'd for a Witch. See also quotes out *Danæus*, whom I never read, for kissing the Devils Buttocks. About kissing the Devils Buttocks, see farther, *Guaccius* in the foresaid Quoted Chapter, *Ad signum homagii eum (sc. dæmonem) in podice osculantur Ludwigius Elich quæst.* 10. *Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor sit Auribus) ab ipsa in terenda sinus osculi Dæmonis podici.* c The Devil will have no Salt in his Meat, *Ludwigius Elich. Quæst.* 7. *p.* 113. As also *Guaccius, cap.* 13. The Devil loves no Salt in his Meat, says *Bodin, Dæm. lib.* 3. *cap.* 5. because it is an emblem of eternity, and lied by Gods command in Sacrifices, and quotes *Levit.* 1. for that, which is a notable reason. d *Lucian* in his Dialogue of Φιλοψευδης, or the Lovers of lies (viz. Witchmongers are) makes one of his Sages *Eucrates* tell how he learn'd of *Pancrates* an *Egiptian* Magitian that travel'd with him, to make a Staff run of Errands and bring things to him, and that he in the absence of the Magitian commanded a Staff to fetch him Water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought Water so often that he fear'd it would have drowned the House; he cut it in two pieces, and then both those pieces fetch'd Water till the *Egiptian* came and conjur'd 'em down. e They are always at their meetings examin'd by the Devil, or the Dame, what service they have done. *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 22. *Quemadmodum solent Heri in Visitu procuratoribus, &c. Ita Dæmon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandis cujusq; rebus & actionibus ipse constituit, &c.* Speaking of Witches. f See *Malleus Maleficarum, Tom.* 2. of Witches being transform'd into Cats, and sucking the breath and blood of Children. g *Ovid Fast. lib.* 6. says of *Strigæ*, which modern Witchmongers call Witches; *Nocte volant puerosq; petunt nutricis egentes & vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis (carmen dicitur) Defenti avisera nostra & plenum pectus sanguine pectur habent Wirtis, lib. ultimo de lamiis, c.* 6. relates from one *Petrus* a Judge in *Bedingen*, a place in the Countrey of *Bern*, the confession of a Witch thus, *Infantibus baptizatis vel nondum baptizatis insidiamur, &c. hos in cunabulis vel ad parentum latera jacentes ceremonias nostras occidimus, quos postquam furamur oppressi vel aliunde mortuos ex sepulchro clam suffuramur & in olla decoquimus de solidiore materia augmentum faciemus nostris voluptuariis actibus & transvectionibus commodum de liquidiore vero humore utrem implemus ex quo quicunq; biberit:* See the Notes in the third Act. h *Remigius, lib.* 2. *Dæmonolat. cap.* 3. *Hæc & nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus morin est facere præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver Exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum nam non solum inde sortilegijs suis materiam mutuantur sed & abipsis carnificinæ instrumentis reste vinculis palo ferramentis siquidem in vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* The *French* Gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the Rope, that went about the Neck of one that was hang'd will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the Gallows for a cure for an ague. That the ancients were superstitious in these things, see *Lucan, lib.* 6. *Laqueum nodosq; nocentes ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit abrasitq; cruces percussaq; viscera nimbis vellit & incoctas admisso sole medullas, infertum maluit calybemn, nigramq; per artus stillantis tabi saniem viruſq; coactum sustulit & morsu nervo retinente pependit.* For the use of dead bodies in Witchcraft see *Apuleius, De aureo asino, lib.* 3. speaking of *Pamphile*,

Priusq; apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam. Among other things, *Sepultorum cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris hic nares illic digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor.* *i Lucan* makes his Witch inhabit such places, *Desertaq; busta incolit & tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.* *Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib. 1. cap. 48. Saturno correspondent loca quævis fetida tenebrosa subterranea religiosa funesta ut cæmiteria busta & hominibus deserta habitacula & vetustate caduca loca obscura & horrenda & solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei, &c.* And in his third Book, *cap. 42. Aptissima loca plurimum experientia visionum nocturnalium incursionum & consimilium phantasmatum ut cæmiteria & in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicij, &c.* *k Lucan, lib. 6. Ast. Ubi servantur saxis, quibus intiumshumor ducitur, & tracta durescunt ta be medullæ corpora tunc omnes avide desævit in artus immersitq; manus oculis, gaudetq; gelatos affodisse orbes.* *l Nider* in his *Formicarium* mentions one that kill'd Seven Children in the Mothers Womb, by Witchcraft: This, he says, was done by laying a *Lizard* under the Threshold, and that will cause abortion in every Female in the House: *Vide Formicar. cap. 3.* *Remigius* says about the Cocks-crowing, that nothing is so hateful to the Witches when they are at their Charms, as the Cock-crowing; as one *Latoma* a Witch, among other things confessed; and several other Authors mention, it as very hateful to the Witches. *m Hor. Epod. 5.* amongst *Canidias* materialls reckons, *Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ Canis.* And *Lucan, Lib. 6.* of *Erictho. Et quodcunq; jacet nuda tellure cadaver ante feras volucresq; sedet; nec carpere membra vult ferro manibusq; suis morsusq; luporum expectat siccis raptura a faucibus artus.* *n* See *Apuleius* before cited, *o! Ovid per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* See the Notes of the third Act. *p* For the parts of the Body, the Wen and the blood of slain men, See *Apulcius* before quoted. *q Lucan, lib. 6. Huc quicquid fœtu genuit natura sinistro miscetur: Non spuma canum quibus unda timori est viscera non Lyncis non duræ nodus Hyænæ defuit.* *r* For *Philtres*, See *Juvenal. Sat. 6. Hic Magicos affert cantus hic Thessala vendit Philtra.* *s* For this following potion, take the Words of *Wierus de præstig. Dæm, lib. 3. cap. 37. Inter amatoria ad hæc venena connumerantur, in extrema lupi cauda pilus, ejusq; virga, remora pisciculus, felis cerebrum & Lacertæ stellio cui stincus nomen est item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa:* See *Pliny, lib. 8. cap. 22.* *t* This *Hyppomanes Pliny in Nat. Hist.* And *Aristotle de Nat. Anincal* mentions, and all the old Poets, *Virg. Æneid. 4. Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus & matu præceptus amor.* See this discribed in *Wierus, lib. 3. cap. 37. Ovid, lib. 2. De arte Amandi datq; quod a teneri fronte revellit equi.* *Lucan, lib. 6. Nec noxia tantum pocula proficiunt, aut quum surgentio succo frontis amaturæ subducunt pignora fœtæ.* *u Virg. 3. Georg. Hinc demum hyppomanes veas quod nomine dicunt Pastores, Lentum distillat ab inguine virus.* *Tibullus, lib. 1. Eleg. 4. Hippomanes cupidæ stillat ab inguine Equæ, Ovid, lib. 1. Eleg. 8.* Upon a Bawd, *Seu bene quid gramen quid torto concita rhombo Licia quid valeat virus amantis equæ propert, lib. 4. (in quandam Lænam) Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine & in me hippomanes fœtæ semina legit æque.* In *Wier.* it is thus described, *Caruncula haud parum famosa, caricæ magnitudine specie orbiculata, Latiuscula, colore nigro, quæ in fronte nascentis pulli equini apparet, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoq; deveeat & si præripiatur animum a fœtu penitus aversum habet nec eum ad ubera admittit.* That they make these confused noises, see *Nandæus, Hist. Mag. & Pet. de Loyer de Spectris.* And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see *Scott. p. 42.* and *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* This is to be found in *Remigius*, and *Delrio*, and *M. Phi. Ludwigus, Elich* out of them says, *quest. 10. Tota turba colluviesq; pessima fesceninos in honorem dæmonum cansat obscœnissimos Hæc canit,* Harr, har, *illa Diabole, Diabole, salta hoc, salta illuc, altera lude, hic lude illic alia Sabaoth, Sabaoth, &c. immo clamoribus sibilis ululatibus, propisinis furit ac debachatur.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

Enter Sir *Edward Harfort*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Doubt. YOu have extreamly delighted us this morning, by your Houſe, Gardens, your Accommodation, and your way of Living, you put me in mind of the renowned *Sidneys* Admirable deſcripion of *Kalander*.

Sir *Edw.* Sir you Complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you repreſent to us the Golden days of Queen *Elizabeth*, ſuch ſtire were our Gentry then; now they are grown Servile Apes to Forreign cuſtomes, they leave off Hoſpitality, for which we were famous all over *Europe*, and turn Servants to Board-wages.

Sir *Edw.* For my part, I love to have my Servants part of my Family, the other were to hire day Labourers to wait on me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tennants and Servants ſhould live well out of me, than Coach-makers, Taylors, Embroiderers, and Lacemen ſhould: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools ſtare at my Equipage, is a vanity I have always ſcorn'd.

Doubt. You ſpeak like one deſcended from thoſe Noble Anceſtors that made *France* tremble, and all the reſt of *Europe* Honour 'em.

Sir *Edw.* I reverence the Memory of 'em: But our New-faſhion'd Gentry love the *French* too well to fight againſt 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any thing of our Conſtitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, ſlavish Principles, and Popiſh Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to ſerve for our cold one; and Frugality from thoſe places where they have little Meat and ſmall Stomacks, to ſuffice us who have great plenty and luſty Appetites.

Doubt. They build Houſes with Halls in 'em, not ſo big as former Porches; Beggars were better entertained by their Anceſtors, than their Tennants by them.

Sir *Edw.* For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls; the Buttery-hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good ſmell of Meat and March-beer, with Dogs-curds and Mary-bones as Ornaments in the Hall: Theſe were ſigns of good Houſe keeping, I hate to ſee *Italian* fine Buildings with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates, methinks there's Vertue in an Engliſh Sur-loyn.

Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but Forreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country to learn to live in another.

Sir *Edw.* While we lived thus (to borrow a Concombly word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a mind that ſuits your Fortune, and can make your own happineſs.

Sir *Edw.* The greateſt is the Enjoyment of my Friends, and ſuch Worthy Gentlemen

as

as your Selves, and when I cannot have enough of that; I have a Library, good Horses and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English Gentleman.

Sir *Edw.* You are too kind, *I am a true English-man, I love the Princes Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend 'em both with the last penny in my purse, and the last drop in my veins, and dare defy the witless Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a Noble Patriot.

Sir *Edw.* Pardon me, you talk like English-men, and you have warm'd me; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet; old as I am, in spite of Jesuits, I am sure our Constitution is the Noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such English Gentlemen.

Bell. Twere to be wisht; but our Gentry are so much poysoned with Forreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir *Edw.* We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen, Worthy of such Noble Fathers, as you both had; but Gentlemen I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists, come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning.

Bell. Sir you oblige us every way.

An Italian Song.

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see Sir you are well serv'd in every thing.

Enter *Isabella* and *Theodosia.*

Sir *Edw.* My sweet Cousin good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heaven's bless thee.

Isab. Kneels.

Bell. Ladies your most humble Servant; you are early up to take the pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens.

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradice you are in; every object within this place is ravishing.

Theo. This place affords variety of Pleasures; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine Ladies are.

Enter Servant with Tegue O Devilly *an Irish Priest.*

Serv. A Gentleman, To speak with you.

Sir *Edw.* With me! Daughter pray shew those Gentlemen the Statues, Grotto and the Water-works, I'le wait on you immediately.

Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes.

Exeunt Bell. Doubt. Isab. Theo.

Sir *Edw.* Would you speak with me?

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to dis plash to make a visit unto thee, dest dou not know me Joy?

Sir *Edw.* Oh! You live at Mr. *Redletters* my Catholick Neighbours.

Priest. Ah by my Shoul, I.

Sir *Edw.* How came you to venture hither? you are a Popish-Priest.

Priest. Ay, but 'tis no matter for all daat Joy: by my Shoul, but I vil mak de Oades,

Oades, and I think I vill be excus'd, but hark vid you a while, by my trott I shall be a Paapist too for all daat, indeed, yes.

Sir *Edw.* Excellent Principles.

Priest. I do come for de nonest to see dee, and yet I do not come on purpose gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occaasion and Mr. *Redletter* did shend me unto dee.

Sir *Edw.* For What?

Priest. What will I say unto dee now, but Mr. *Redletter* did shend me, and yet I did come of my self too for all daat upon occaasion, daat I did heare, concerning of dee, dat dy House and de Plaash is all over-run with Witches and Spirits, do you see now?

Sir *Edw.* I had best let this Fool stay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd Plot, if any Priest was? Sure they would never trust this Fool. *Aside.*

Priest. What shaall you shay unto me upon all dis, I will exorcize doze Vitches, and I will plague dose Devils now by my Shoul, vid Holy-Water, and vid Reliques, and I will freet 'em out of this Plaash, God shaave the King.

Sir *Edw.* I have forgot your Name.

Priest. They do put the Name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy, but by my fait I am call'd by my own right Name, *Tegue O Devilly.*

Sir *Edw.* *Tegue O Devilly?*

Priest. Yes, a very oold Naam in *Eereland* by my Shalvaation, wel I gra, I have brought upon my Cloke-bagg shome Holy-water, and I will put it upon the Devils and de Vitches Faashes, and I will make you shome more Holy-water, and you will vaash all de Roomes vid it and bee—

Sir *Edw.* Well, Father *Tegue O Devilly*, You're welcom; but how dare you venture publickly in these times?

Priest. Why, I have great consideraation upon dy Prudence; for if dou woudst betray me, now phare will be de soleedity of dat Joy.

Sir *Edw.* I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest. The Devil taak me now, I do think, I will suffer for my Religion, I am affraid I will be slain at lasht at the plaash they call Saint *Ty-burn*, but I do not caare by my Shalvaation; for if I will be hang'd, I will be a Saint presently, and all my Country shall pray unto Saint *Tegue*, besides, shome great people will be naamless too, I tell you I shay noe more, but I will be prayed unto Joy.

Sir *Edw.* Prayed too! Very well.

Priest. Yes by my Shoule will I, and I will have Reliques maade of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and my Lady have some business with you, and desire your company within.

Sir *Edw.* Come Father *Tegue*, come along with me, do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Couzen, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em presently. *Ex. Sir Edw. and Priest.*

Serv. I will. They are here, Gentlemen, my Master is called away upon business

he

the begs your excuse, and will wait on you presently. *Ex. Serv.*

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it; I have my own Parson that comes to hunt with me at *Whally*, Madam, an excellent School Divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us; the Name of a Parson is a dreadful Name upon these occasions, he'l bring us into a Condition we can never get out of but by Death.

Bell. If the absolute command of me and my Fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more distance and with more reverence approach you, Madam, did not the shortness of the time, and the great danger of losing you, force me to be free; Throw not away this precious time, a Minute now is Inestimable.

Theo. Yet I must consider on that Minute on which the happiness or Misery of all my Life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a Home-bred Mistress in the North? how can you be in earnest?

Bell. Consult your Understanding and your Looking-Glass, one will tell you how Witty, Wise, and Good you are, the other, how Beautiful, how Sweet, how Charming.

Isab. Men before they are Married turn the great end of their Perspective; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worse Understanding; but for your Perfections there needs no Perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I suppose you are no Stranger, nor to my Estate, which lies all in the next County; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by setling what ever you please, or all that Estate upon you before I expect any Favour from you.

Theo. You are so Generous beyond my Deserts, that I know not how to Credit you.

Doubt. Your Modesty is too Great, and your Faith too Little.

Enter Sir Tymothy.

Sir *Tim.* Death, Who are these which my Mistress and my Sister? Oh! they are the silly Fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last night, do you know Sir, that this is my Mistress Sir?

Bell. I know Sir that no man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir *Tim.* Yes Sir, I will make you know that I am Sir, and She has the Honour to be my Mistress.

Bell. Very well Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Very well Sir, No 'tis very ill Sir, that you should have the boldness to take my Mistress by the Hand Sir, and if you do Sir, I must tell you Sir—What do you Smile Sir?

Bell.

Bell. A man may do what he will with his own Face. I may Smile Sir---

Sir *Tim.* If you do Sir, I will fight Sir, I tell you that Sir. hah,

Isab. Sir *Timothy*, you are a Bloody-minded man.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid; look you Sir, if you Smile Sir, at me Sir, I will Kick Sir, that's more Sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the Body Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Hah! What does he say, through the Body, oh.

Theo. Yonders my Brother, we must not be so perticular, let's joyn.

Sir *Tim.* How, the Body Sir?

Bell. Yes Sir, and my custom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff on 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Lord! Snuff!

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket Sir, will you please to take some.

Sir *Tim.* No Sir, I thank you Sir: Snuff quoth a, I will have nothing to do with such a cruel man, I say no more Sir.

Doubt. Your Servant Sir---

Sir *Tim.* Your Servant Sir: does he take such Snuff too?

Bell. The same--- do you hear Sir, if you value your own life, which I will save for the Families sakes, not a word of this to any man.

Sir *Tim.* No Sir, Not I Sir? Your humble servant.

Enter Sir *Edward.*

Sir *Edw.* I ask your pardon Gentlemen, I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. Wee will wait on you Sir.

Sir *Edw.* Daughter, Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady* have made complaints of you for abusing Sir *Timothy*; let me hear no more on't, we have resolv'd the Marriage shall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Tearms to day.

Sir *Tim.* Do you here that Gentlewoman---

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, I have sent to *Whally* for all your Servants, and Horses, and Dogs, you Must do me the honour to Make some stay with me.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledg your great Civility.

Sir *Edw.* No Complements, I obliege my self, Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and I have just now agreed, that to morrow shall be the Day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very short warning.

Sir *Edw.* Hee'l not delay it longer.

Theo. I'le in and see what the reason of this sudden resolution.

Bell. Sir we wait on you.

Sir *Edw.* Stay you there a while with Sir *Timothy*. *Ex. all but Sir* Tim. *and* Isab.

Sir *Tim.* Dear Cousin, prethee be kinder to me, I protest and vow, as I am a Christian, I love the better then both my Eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why how now Dogs face, hast thou the Impudence to make love again,

with that hideous Countenance? that very insipid silly *Physnomy* of thine? with that most piteous mein? why thou lookst like an *Operator* for Teeth.

Sir *Tim.* This is all sham, I wont beleive it; I can see my self in the great glass, and to my mind no man looks more like a Gentleman than my self.

Isab. A Gentleman! with that silly wadling shuffling gate? thou hast not mien good enough for a chief Constable, every change of thy Countenance, and every motion of thy Body proclaims thee an Ass.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, Ay, come Madam, I shall please you better when I am Marry'd, with a trick that I have; I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir *Tim.* I shall be more Familiar with you to Morrow-night, oh my dear rogue—well I say no more, faith I shall, well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone thou Basilisk, here, I vow if thou wert the only man on Earth, the Kinde should cease rather than I would Marry thee.

Sir *Tim.* You'l be in a better humour to Morrow-night, though you are such a vixen now.

Isab. This place, where some Materials are to mend the Wall, will furnish me with some Ammunition: be gone I say.

Sir *Tim.* I shant do't, I know when I am in good Company, come prethee Cousin, do not let us Fool any longer, to Morrow we shall be one flesh—do ye see.

Isab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than be made one Flesh with thee; can that *Westphalia* hide of thine ever become one Flesh with me? when, I can become one Ass with thee it may, you shall never change my mind.

Sir *Tim.* Well, well, I shall have your Body to Morrow-night, and I warrant you your mind shall soon follow it.

Isab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'le set thee farther.

She throws Stones at him.

Sir *Tim.* What, what, what a pox! hold, what a Devil, are you mad? Flesh, heart, hold, what a plague, uds bud, I could find in my heart to turn again.

Isab. Do filthy Face, do if thou darst.

Sir *Tim.* Oh help, murder, murder. *Ex. Sir Timorby.*

Isab. I have no patience with this Fool, no Racks, or Tortures shall force me to marry him. *Ex. Isab.*

Enter Young Harford *and* Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. *Har.* I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Father says he will disinherit me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. *Har.* You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my part, I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholly to my Sports, and my Horses, and my

my Dogs, and to drink now and then a cup of Ale with my Neighbours, I hate Wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. *Har.* He says we must be Married to Morrow at Ten, I can be going a Hawking by six and come home time enough, I would be loath to neglect my Hawking at Powts in the height of the Season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. *Har.* Ay so I should, but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? you know the Writings are Sealed, and Wedding-Cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. *Har.* Well, Cousin there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then, *Pauca Verba*, a word to the Wise, I say, is enough, so I rest your humble Servant to command; I le tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant to, tell you truly I had never so much mind to be Married as now; for I have been so woundedly frightned with Witches, that I am affraid to lye alone, dee see; well, I am glad this business is over: a pox upon all making of Love for me. *Ex.* Yo. *Har.*

Theo. I thought I saw my Cousin in yon Walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do, my Father and Mother are resolved upon to Morrow for the fatal day.

Ex. Theo.

Enter Smerk, *and* Priest, *and Mrs.* Susan.

Priest. *By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and Consolaation too gra.*

Smerk. *Thank you Mistress* Susan, *my Caudle was admirable; I am much strengthened by these good Creatures.*

Sus. *Tours was admirable— if Mother* Demdike *has any Skill, I shall find the opperation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me.* Aside.

Priest. *Though thou dosht know me, yet thou dosht shay thou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.*

Smerk. *No, for my part though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of* Rome *as a true Church.*

Priest. *By my Shalvaation yee did all come out of us indeed, and I have expectaation daat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to shee it; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.*

Smerk. *For my part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuits dyed innocent.*

Priest. *Phaat dou dosht not believe de Plot de Devil taak me.*

Smerk. *No, no, no Papist Plot, but a Presbyterian one.*

Priest. *Aboo, boo, boo, By my Shalvaation I will embraash dy Fathers Child, and I will put a great kish upon dy cheeke, now for dat, ay dear ish a damnd Presbyterian Plot to put out de Paapists, and de Priests, and de good Men, and if I would have my minde, de Devil taak me I would shee 'em all broyle and fry in de plaash they call* Smithfield, *Joy.*

Smerk. *I would have Surplices cram'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Cannonical Girdles.*

Prieſt. *Let me Imbraaſh my Joy agen for daat.*

Enter Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. *We ſhall have excellent ſport with theſe Prieſts, ſee they are come from their Breakfaſt, and Embracing.*

Prieſt. *And dou doſht not believe de Paapiſt Plot my Joy.*

Smerk. *No, But the damn'd Presbyterian Plot I do: I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian; Rogues, Villains.*

Prieſt. *By my Shoule I will give Satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my Church, we have ſhome good Friends of dy Church, and dou art almoſt as good a Friend as he in de Weſt, I have forgot his Naam, I doe take it did begin vid a* T.

Doubt. *How now! Do not you believe a Popiſh Plot?*

Smerk. *No; but a Presbyterianone I do.*

Bell. *This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in ſo many Proclamations, and three Parliaments have voted it,* Nemine contradicente.

Smerk. *Parliaments, tell me of Parliaments, with my Bible in my hand, I'le diſpute with the whole Houſe of Commons; Sir, I hate Parliaments, none but Phanaticks, Hobbiſts, and Athieſts, believe the Plot.*

Prieſt. *By my ſait and trot, dou doſh't maak me weep indeed, by my Shoul, Joy, dou wilt be a good Catholick, if I will inſtruct dee, I will weep on dee indeed.*

Bell. *Why the true and wiſe Church of* England-*men believes it, and are a great Rock againſt the Church of* Rome.

Doubt. *And Preach and Write learnedly againſt it; but ſuch Fellows as you are ſcandals to the Church,* a Company of Tantivy Fools.

Bell. *All the Eminent men of the Church of* England *believe the Plot, and deteſt it with horror,* and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. *Not all the Eminent men, for I am of another opinion.*

Doubt. *By my ſhoul, by my Shoul, Joy, dey are our Enemies, and I would have no ſait put upon dem; but* dis is my dear Friend.

Doubt. *This is a Raſcal conceal'd in the Church, and is none of it; ſure his Patron knows him not.*

Bell. *No certainly!*

Smerk. *You are Hobbiſts and Athieſts.*

Prieſt. *It is noe matter for all daat Joy, what dey doe ſhay unto dee for by Chreeſt, and by Saint Paatrick dey be Heretick Doggs, by my Shalvaation dou doſht maake me weep upon de agen; by de Lady* Mary, *I think I will be after reconciling deet o de Catholick Church indeed.*

Enter Sir *Jeffery, Lady,* Sir *Edw.* and *Iſab.* and *Theodoſia.*

Sir *Jeff.* Your Servant Gentlemen.

La. *Iſa.* Your moſt humble Servant.

Bell.

Bell. } Your moſt humble Servant.
Doubt. }

Sir *Edw.* Is not my *Iriſh* man a pleaſant fellow?

Doubt. A great Father of the Church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir *Edw.* Sir *Jeffery* is going to take ſome informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill, 'Tis againſt my opinion, but I give him way.

La. *Sha.* I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivillity, in ruſhing unawares into your Chamber laſt night; but I know you are ſo much a Gentleman, ſo well-bred and ſo accompliſht, I know you do——

Doubt. Madam.

La. *Sha.* And for that reaſon I will make you my Confident in a buſineſs, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your diſadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, Sir *Jeffery* and I are to take ſome Examinations. I aſſiſt him very much in his buſineſs, or he could never do it. *He ſits down and La.* Shac.

Sir *Jeff.* Call in theſe Fellows, let's hear what they'l ſay about theſe Witches; come on, Did you ſerve my Warrant on Mother *Demdike*? *They call the Conſtable in and a Country fellow.*

Conſt. Sir, I went to her Houſe (and pleaſe your Worſhip) and lookt in at her Window, and ſhe was feeding three great Toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her, and ſhe ſuckled a great black Cat well nigh as big as a Spaniel; I went into the Houſe, and ſhe vaniſht, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who ſpit and ſtar'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir *Jeff.* An arch Witch I warrant her.

Conſt. I went out at the back-dore, and by the Threſhold ſat a great Hare, I ſtruck at it, and it run away, and ever ſince I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make Water, ſaving your preſence.

Sir *Edw.* A fit of the Gravel.

Prieſt. No, by my ſhoule, ſhe is a great Witch, and I vil cure you upon daat.

Sir *Jeff.* No: I tell you, Sir *Edward*, I am ſure ſhe is a Witch, and between you and I, laſt night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, ſhe bewitcht me, I found it ſo.

Sir *Edw.* Thoſe things will happen about five and fifty.

Prieſt. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too.

* Taak one of de Tooths of a dead man, and bee, and burn it, and taak dee ſmoke into both your Noſes, as you taak Snuſh, and anoint your ſelf vid dee Gaal of a Crow, taak Quickſilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a Quill, and plaaſh it under de ſhoft Pillow you do ſhit upon, den maake ſhome waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by St. *Patrick*, and I will ſhay ſhome *Ave Maaries* for dee, and dou wilt be ſound agen: gra.

* This Receipt is in *Scot.* he has collected out of Inquiſitors and Witch-mongers.

Sir *Jeff.* Who is this pretends to skill in Witchcraft?

Sir *Edw.* A very learned man in theſe matters, that comes hither on purpoſe.

Sir *Jeff.* I ſhall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Prieſt. I vil be very vel pleaſh'd to b after being acquainted vid dee Joy.

La.

La. *Sha.* Have you any more to ſay? Fellow ſpeak to me.

Conſt. Why, an't pleaſe your Worſhip forſooth, Mother *Demdike* ſaid ſhe would be reveng'd on me for not giving her ſome Buttrurmilk; and the next night coming from *Rachdale*, I ſaw a great Black Hog, and my Horſe threw me, and I loſt a Hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed, as ever he was ſince he was born.

La. *Sha.* 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifeſt Witch, make a Warrant for her.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, do.

La. *Sha.* Take ſome of the Thatch of her Houſe, and burn it at your Houſe, and you ſhall ſee ſhe will come ſtreight.

Sir *Jeff.* Or to morrow about dawn, piſs in a Pot, and cover it with your right, neither Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before night. *Theſe two Remedies are in* Scott.

Doubt. A moſt profound Science.

Bell. And poor old Ignorant wretches muſt be hang'd for this.

Conſt. A Cow of mine is bewitcht too, and runs about the Cloſe as if ſhe were mad; and that, I believe, Mother *Hargrave* bewitcht, becauſe I deny'd her ſome *Goſ.---good.*

Sir *Jeff.* Put her into the Warrant too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will ſerve for evidence againſt a Witch.

Sir *Edw.* A very little one.

Prieſt. * Put a pair of Breeches or *Iriſh* Trowſers upon your Cows head, Fellow, upon a *Fryday* Morning, and wid a great Stick maak beat upon her, till ſhe do depart out of de Cloſe, and ſhe vill repair tinto de Witches dore, and ſhe vill knock upon it vid her Horns indeed.

* This is likewiſe to be found in *Scots*. Abundance of this kind is to be ſeen in *Flagellum Diabol.* in the ſecond *Tom.* of *Mall. Maleficarum.*

Conſt. Thank you good Sir.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir, I ſee you are a Learned man in this buſineſs, and I honour you.

Prieſt. Your Servant Sir, I will put ſhome holy waater into your Cows mout, and I vill maak Cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. *Sha.* Come, has any one elſe any thing to inform?

Conſt. Yes an't pleaſe your Worſhip, here is a Neighbour, *Thomas o Georges.*

Tho. o G. Why, an't pleaſe your Worſhips, I was at *Mal. Spencers* Houſe where he wons i'th' Lone, and whoo had a meeghty great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kiſt and who clipt Cat, and ay ſet me dawn a bit (meet a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats, Quo ay what don yeo doo with that ſow Cat? why, ſays Whoo, who ſoukes me. Soukes tee! Marry that's whaint quo ay, by'r Lady what can Cat do beſides? Why, ſays whoo, whooſt carry me to *Rachdale* believe. Whaw, quo ay, that's prottty! Why, ſayes whoo, yeoſt ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill ſave my Tit a pow'r of labour; ſo whoo cawd a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to *Rachdale* ſtrieght along.

Bell. Well ſaid, this was home; I love a Fellow that will go through ſtitch.

Sir *Jeff.* This is a Witch, indeed, put her name in.

Prieſt. This is naw thing by my Shoule, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a Vich, if ſhe be a good Vitch, will ride upon a Graaſhopper, I tell you, very well,

and

and yet a Graaſhopper is but a weak beaſt neither; you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my Shoule it is naw thing.

Sir *Jeff.* Where did you take Cat, ſay you, together?

Tho. o. Geor. Why, we took Cat ith' Lone meer a mile off.

Sir *Jeff.* So you rid eight mile upon Cats: are there any more informations?

Conſt. No more an't pleaſe your Worſhip, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. *Sha.* Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir *Jeffery*, and my ſelf, I'le warrant you wee'l order 'em.

Prieſt. I will tell you now Fellow, taak de ſhoe of a Horſe, and nayle it upon your Threſhold, de plaaſh dou doſht goe into dy dore upon.

Sir *Jeff.* And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy Houſe.

La. *Sha. Fennel* is very good in your Houſe againſt Spirits and Witches, and *Alicium*, and the Herb *Mullein*, and *Long-wort*, and *Moly* too is very good.

Prieſt. * Burne ſhome Brimſtone, and maak a ſweet ſume of de Gall of a Black Dogg, Joy, and beſmeare dy Pots, and dy Walls, and bee, and Croſs dy Self, and I will touch dee vid Reliques, and dee to gra.

* *This is to be found in* Delrio, *and* Remig. *and* Fr. Silveſter.

Conſt. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. o Geor. Thank a.

Sir *Edw.* Is not this an excellent Art?

Bell. 'Tis ſo extravagant, that a man would think they were all in Dreams that ever writ of it.

Doubt. I ſee no manner of Evidences againſt theſe poor Creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at theſe Fools ſufficiently, but that all the while our Miſtreſſes are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very ſhort, prethee let's conſider what is to be done.

Iſab. Well, my Dear, I muſt open my heart to thee; I am ſo much in Love with this *Bellfort*, that I ſhall dye if I loſe him.

Theo. Poor *Iſabella*, dying is ſomething an inconvenient buſineſs, and yet I ſhould live very uncomfortable without my Spark.

Iſab. Our time's very ſhort, therefore preethee let's play the fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: But when ſhall we meet 'em?

Iſab. I warrant thee before Midnight.

Sir *Edw.* Come, let us take one turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, For Heaven's ſake conſider on what a ſhort time my Happineſs or Ruin depends.

Iſab. Have a care, Sir *Jeffery* and his Lady will be Jealous.

Bell. This is a good ſign. *To himſelf.*

Theo. Not a word, we ſhall be ſuſpected, at night we will deſign a conference.

Enter

Enter Mal Spencer *and* Clod.

M. Spen. Why ſo unkind *Clod*? You frown and wonnot kiſs me.

Clod. No marry, I le be none of thy Imp, I wott.

M. Spen. What doſt thou mean my Love? prethee kiſs me.

Clod. Stand off by'r Lady an I lift kibbo once, Iſt raddle thy bones: thou art a ſow Queen, I tell o that, thou art a ſow Witch.

M. Spen. I a Witch! a poor Innocent young Laſs, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe my Eyne, by the Maſs I ſaw you in Sir *Tedards* Cellar laſt neeght with your Haggs, thou art a rank Witch, uds fleſh I'le not come nere thee.

M. Spen. Did you ſee me? Why, if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the beſt and be rich.

Clod. Fare, marry I'le fare none with thee, I'le not be hang'd, nor go to the Deel for thee, not I by th maſs, but I will hang thee on I con by'r Lady.

M. Spen. Say you ſo Rogue, I le plague you for that. *She goes out.*

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good marry, I ha ſcap'd a fine waiſe, a ſow Carrion by'r Lady, I'le hang the Whean and there be no more Witches in *Lancaſhire.* Fleſh whats 'tiſs? Mal. *Enters with a Bridle, and puts it on ere he is aware.*

Mal. S. *a Horſe, Horſe, be thou to me,*
And carry me where I ſhall flee.

She gets upon him, and flies away.

Enter *Demdike, Dickenſon, Hargrave,* &c. with their Imps, and *Madg*, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. b Within this Shattered Abby Walls,
This Pit oregrown with Brakes and Briers,
Is fit for our dark Works, and here
Our Maſter dear, will ſoon appear,
And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch,
Make thee be Happy, long-liv'd, Rich,
Thou wilt be Powerful and Wiſe,
And be reveng'd of thy Enemies.

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame,

Demd. c Here take this Imp, and let him ſuck,
He'l do what e're thou bidſt him, call
Him Puck-Hairy,

Madg. Come hither Puck-Hairy. *En. an Imp in ſhape of a black ſhock, comes to her.*

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Blood?

Madg. 'Tis here.

Demd. So t'is firm and good.
Where's my Mamilion? come my Rogue,

And

And take thy Dinner.

Dicken. Where's my Puggy?
Come to me and take thy Duggy.

Harg. Come my *Rouney, where art thou?*

Enter Mal. Spencer, *Leading* Clod *in a Bridle.*

Mal. Come Sirrah, I have ſwitcht you well
I'le tye you up now to the Rack.
Well met Sifters, where's my Pucklin?
Come away my pretty Sucklin.

She ties him up, and joyns with the other Witches.

Clod. Waunds and Fleſh, what con Ay do naw, I am turn'd into a Horſe, a Capo, a meer Titt; Fleſh Ayſt ne're be a Mon agen, I marle I con ſpeak, I conno pray, I wot a pox o'th' Deel Mun, Ay live of Oates, and Beans, and Hay aw my life, inſtead of Beef and Pudding: uds Fleſh I neigh too,

He neighs.

Oh who has ſwitcht and ſpurd me plaguely, I am raw all over me, whoo has ridden a wounded way about too.

Demd. Oyntment for Flying here I have,
d Of Childrens Fat ſtoln from the Grave.
e The juice of Smallage, and Night-ſhade,
Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made
With theſe.
The Aromattic Reed I boyl,
With Water-parſnip, and Cinquefoil;
With ſtore of Soot, and add to that,
The reeking Blood of many a Bat.

Dick. f From the Seas ſlimy owſe a Weed,
I fetch'd to open Locks at need.
g With Coats ruckt up, and with my Hair,
All flowing looſly in the Air,
With naked Feet I went among
h The poyſnous Plants, there Adders *i* Tongue,
With Aconite and Martagon,
Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,
k Wild Fig-Tree, that o're Tombs do's grow,
The deadly Night-ſhade, Cypreſs, Yew,
And Libbards Bane, and venemous Dew,
l gathered for my Charms. *Harg. l* And I
Dug up a Mandrake which did cry,
Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,
And looking to the Weſt I ſtood.

M. Spen. m The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Blood,
With Screetch-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.
n Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Bats,
The Eyes of Owls, and Brains of Cats.

The Devil appears in Humane Shape with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace, here's our Maſter him Salute,
And kiſs the Toe of his Cloven Foot.
Now our new Siſter we preſent,
The Contract too, ſign it with Blood.
They kiſs the Devils Foot.
Madge *ſigns it with her Blood.*
Dev. Firſt, Heaven you muſt renounce.
Madg. I do.
Dev. Your Baptiſm, thus I waſh out too.
The new Name *Maudlin* you muſt take,
And all your Goſſips muſt forſake,
And I theſe new ones for you make.
Demd. A piece of your Garment now preſent.
Madg. Here, take it Maſter, I'm content.
Gives it him.
Demd. Within this Circle I make here,
Truth to our Maſter you muſt ſwear.
Madg. I do.
Dev. You muſt each month ſome murdered Children pay,
Beſides your yearly tribute at your day.
Madg. I will.
Dev. Some Secret part I with my mark muſt ſign,
A laſting token, that you are wholy mine.
Madg. Oh!
The Devil takes her hands between his.
Demd. Now do your Homage.
Dev. *Curſe Heaven, Plague Mankind, go forth and be a Witch.*
The Muſick ſounds in the Air.

Song.

Chor. of 3 parts. WElcome, welcome, happy be,
In this bleſt Society.
1. *Men and Beaſts are in thy Power,*
Thou canſt Save, and canſt Devour,
Thou canſt Bleſs, and Curſe the Earth,
And cauſe Plenty, or a Dearth.

Chor. Welcome, &c.
2. *O're Natures Powers thou canſt prevail;*
Raiſe Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail;
Without their Cauſes, and canſt make
The ſteady Courſe of Nature ſhake.

Chor.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

3. *Thou canſt mount upon the Clouds,*
And skim o're the ruggid Floods;
Thou canſt dive to the Sands below,
And through the ſollid earth canſt go.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

4. *Thou'lt open Locks, or through a Chink*
Shalt creep for daintieſt Meat and Drink.
Thou maiſt ſleep on tops of Trees,
And lye in Flowers like Humble Bees.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

5. *Revenge, revenge, the ſweeteſt part*
Of all thou haſt by thy black Art.
On Heaven thou ne're ſhalt fix thy mind,
For here 'tis Heav'n to plague mankind.

They Dance with fantaſtick unuſual poſtures

Devil. p. At your command all Natures courſe ſhall ceaſe,
And all the Elements make war or peace:
The Sky no more ſhall its known Laws obey,
Night ſhall retreat whilſt you prolong the day.

q. Thy Charms ſhall make the Moon and Stars come down,
And in thick darkneſs, hide the Sun at Noon.

r. Winds thou ſhalt raiſe, and ſtreight their rage controul.

ſ. The Orbs upon their Axes ſhall not rowl;
Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky
Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.

t. Without one puff the Waves ſhall foam and rage,
Then though all Winds together ſhould ingage,
The ſilent Sea ſhall not the Tempeſt feel.

u. Vallies ſhall roar, and trembling Mountains reel.

x. At thy command Woods from their ſeats ſhall rove,
Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove.

y. Vaſt ſtanding lakes ſhall flow, and, at thy will,
The moſt impetuous Torrents ſhall ſtand ſtill:
Swift Rivers ſhall (while wond'ring Banks admire)
Back to their Springs, with violent haſt, retire.

z. Thy Charms ſhall blaſt full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears.

a. Eaſe anxious minds, and then afflict with cares.

b. Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,
And any living creature ſave or kill:

c. Raiſe Ghoſts, transform your ſelf and whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, *with a Gun on his shoulder.*

Demd. Who's here? who's here?

Tom. Sha. Waunds what s here? The Witches By'r Lady,
I'le shoot amongst em: have at ye. *They all vanish, and* Clod *Neighs.*
Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers:
What a Devils here! *Clod* tied by a Bridle and a Neighing! What a Pox ail'st thou?
Const a tell? Tom. Shac. *takes off the Bridle.*

Clod. Uds flesh, I am a Mon agen naw!
Why, I was a Horse, a meer Tit, I had lost aw
My speech, and coul'd do naught but neigh;
Flesh I am a Mon agen.

Tom. Sha. What a dickens is the fellee wood?

Clod. Ise ta the Bridle with me, fly from the Dee'l, and the Witches, and I'le tell you aw at the Ale-house.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbell?
I mun follow, and see what's the matter.

Act Ends.

Notes upon the Third Act.

a For these kind of transformations, you will see Authority at the latter end of these Notes. *b* For Witches delighting in such solitary places, see *Agrippa* and *Lucan* quoted in the second Act. *c* Having Imps is to be found in all Authors that treat of Witches. Having of Biggs or Teats, I find no where but in our English Authors, and in late Examinations. *d* For this Ointment see *Wier. de præstigiis Dæm. ultimo libro de Lamiis*, he has the Receipt at large, *Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt inspissando quod ex elixatione ultimum novissimumq; subsidet, inde condunt continuoq; inserviunt usui: cum hac immiscent Eleoselinum aconitum frondes populeas & fuliginem vel aliter e sium, acorum vulgare pentaphyllon vespertilionis sanguinem solanum somniferum, &c.* This Ointment is in *Cardan de subtilitate, Cap. de Mirabilibus* and *in Paracelsus de magna & occulta Philosophia, in Delrio Disquis. Mag. Quest.* 16. *p.* 130. There are under that Question several Stories under Oathes and Confessions, of the Witches night-meetings and flying. See *Bodin* for the Ointment, *lib.* 2. *Dæmon. cap.* 4. And *Scot. p.*182. *f* See the renown'd *Johnson* in the last Scene of the second Act of his sad Sheepherd. g *Hor. Satyr* 8. *Vidi equidem nigra succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis passoq; Capillo*: and the Verse before, *Ossa legant herbasq; nocentes. Ovid. Ep.* of *Hypsipile. Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis. Senec. de Medea, v.* 756. *Vinculo solvens Comam secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede. Ovid Metam.* 7. *Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas nuda pedes nudos humoris infusa capillos.* h The use of Herbs in Witchcraft, all Authors both Ancient and Modern take notice of, that treat of Witches. *Virg. Has herbas atq; hæc Ponto mihi lecta veneno. Ovid Metam.* 7. *Protinus horrendis infamia pabula succis conterit & tritis Hecateia Carmina miscet. Virg.* 3. *Georg. Miscueruntq; herbas & non innoxia verba: Propert. Quippe & collinas ad fossam moverit herbas. Virg.* 4. *Æneid. Falcibus ad Lunæ Lumen quæruntur ahænis pubentes herbæ nigri cum lacte Veneni,* i *cicuta solanum hyoscyamus Ophioglossum, Martagon, Daronicum, Aconitum,* are mention'd by *Paracelsus, Porta* and *Agrippa*, as especial ingredients in Magick. k *Hor. Ep.* 5. *In Canidiam: Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas Jubet capressus funebres.* l *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* 2. *cap.* 13. Writing of the Mandrake, says, *Caveant effossuri contrarium ventum & tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes.* m *Hor. Ep.* 5. *Et unctis turpis ova ranæ sanguine plumamq; Nocturnæ strigis.* For the Bones of Frogs, they are used in Love cups,

Cups, see Notes in the second Act. n For the Owls-eyes, Bats-blood and wings, see *Corn. Agrippa de occulta Philosophia. lib. 1. cap. 15.* and *cap. 25.* The Toad is said to be of great use in Magick see *Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. 32. cap. 3.* A Cats Brain is an ingredient in Love-Cups; see the Notes on the second Act. o The Contract signed with Blood, *Bodin lib. 2. cap. 4.* and most Authors speaks of; but *Guaccius* in his *Compend. Maleficæ.* sets it down at large, of which these are heads: 1. *Abnegant fidei & Creatori, &c.* 2. *Diabolus illos tingit Lavacro novi baptismatis.* 3. *Negata nomine novum illis indicitur.* 4. *Cogit abnegare patrinos & matrinas, &c.* 5. *Lamiæ diabolo dant frustum aliquod vestimenti.* 6. *Præstant Dæmoni juramentum super cinerulo in terram sculpto.* 7. *Petunt a Dæmone deleri de libro vitæ & scribi in libro mortis.* 8. *Polliceantur sacrificia & quædam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis unum infantulum strigando, i. e. exsugendo occisuras;* this is to be found also in *Bart. Spineus, Quæst de strigibus, 2. cap. 9. Quotannis aliquid magistratui vel Dæmonibus pendere tenentur.* See also *Remigius, lib. 1. 11. cap.* 10. *Corporis alicui parti characterem solet imponere: signum non est semper idem forma, aliquando est simile leporis vestigio, aliquando bubonis pedi, aliquando araneæ vel catello vel gliri.* Concerning this mark, see *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4. Ludovic. Elich. p. 58. quæst. 4. Nic. Remigius. lib. 1. c. 3. pag. 58.* I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to condemn this contract, as if it were my profane invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and Witches speak piously. p *Lucan. lib. 6. Cessavere voces rerum dilatæque; longe hæsit nocte dies: legi non pæruit Æther. Sen. Med. parteraque mundus, lege confusa Æthereus. Solum & astra vidit & vetitum mare terrigenis ursæ tempora flexi vicis.* q. *Ovid. Ep. Hypsip. Illa reluctantem cursu didicere lunam nititur & tenebris abdere solis equas metam 7. de Medea & te luna trahe. Pet. Arbiter* makes a Witch, boasting her power, among many other things, say, *Lunæ defendit imago carminibus deducta meis*, the whole discription is very elegant. *Hor. Epod. 5. Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala Lunamque cœlo deripit. Id. Ep. 18. in fine Epodos deripere lunam vocibus possum meis. Tibul. lib. 1. Eleg. 2. Hanc ego de cœlo descendentem sydera vidi. Propert. Audax cantatæ leges imponere Lunæ.* r. *Ovid. Metam. 7. Nubilaque; induco ventos abigoque, voco. Lucan. lib. 6. Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus: Axibus & rapidis impulsos Jupiter urgens miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent imbribus & calido producunt nubila Phœbo & tonat ignaro cœlum Jove.* t. *Id. ibid. ventis cessantibus æquor inumuit; rursus vetitum sentire procellas canticuit turbante noto: Sen. Medea, sonuere fluctus tumuit insanum mare tacente vento. Id. Herc. Oet. concussi fretum cessante vento turbidum explicui mare.* u. *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. mugire videbis sub pedibus terram & descendere montibus ornos. Metam. 7. Jubeoque, tremescere montes & mugire solum. Lucan lib. 6.* has a bolder expression, *Terra quoque immoti concussit pondera axem, & medium vergens nisu titubavit in orbem.* x. *Metam. 7. Vivaque; saxa sua convulsaque; robora terra & silvas moveo. Ovid. Ep. Hypsip. Illa loco silvas vivaque; saxa movet. Sen. Herc. Oet. lustrare metum silva.* y. *Metam. 7. Cum voluit ripis instit mirantibus amnes in fontes rediere suos, concussaque; sisto stantia concutio, Virg. Æneid. 4. Sistere aquum fluvios & flumina vertere retro. Tibull,* following the Verse beforecited, *Fluminis hæc rapidi carmine vertit iter, Sen. Med. violenta phasis vertit in fontem vada, & Ister in tot ora divisus truces compescit undas ignibus ripis piger.* z. *Ovid. Amor. 3. Eleg. 6. Carmine læsa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herba. Virg. Eclog. 8.* Speaking of *Meris.* *Atque; satas alio vidi traducere messes.* a. *Æneid. 4. Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes quas velit, ast alias duras immittere curas.* b. *Lucan. lib. 6. Carmine Thessalidum dura in præcordia fluxit non satis adductus amor.* c. *Hor. Epod. 18. Possum crematos excitare mortuos desideriq; temperare poculum.* The raising of Ghosts, and transforming themselves and others, all Witchmongers both ancient and modern affirm. *Virg. Æneid.* the place before quoted, *Nocturnique; ciet manes. Id Eclog 8. Has herbas atque; hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena ipsa dedit Mœris nascuntur, plurima Ponto, His ego sæpe lupum fieri & se condere silvis Mœrim sæpe animas exire sepulchris vidi, &c. Propertius* before cited, *Audax, &c. & sua nocturno fallere terga lupo.* You may see *Lucan* makes *Erictho* raise a Ghost, *Seneca's nutrix in Herc. Oetæus:* And *Tiresias* in *Oedipus* do the same, all Witchmongers are full of it. In *Bodin Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 6.* There is a great deal of stuff about Transformations; he says, Witches transform themselves into Wolves, and others into Asses; and I think those are they that believe in 'em: He is very angry with Physicians that call *Lycanthropia* a disease; he says, divers Witches at *Vernon* turn'd themselves into Cats, and tells a story of three Witches at *Argentine* that turn'd themselves into Cats, and beat and wounded a Faggot-maker. This also *Petr. de Lover de Spectris* mentions in English Translation, p. 128. He says there, that in his time a Hermit of *Doie* was turn'd into a Wolf, and was going to devour a little Child, if he had not been surprised and discovered; and a Merchant of *Cyprus* was turn'd into an Ass; indeed, he says, the Devil does not change the body, but only abuse and delude the fancy; and quotes *Thomas Aquinas* in 2 *sentent. distinct. 8. Aug. lib. 18. de Civit. Dei,* says, he himself knew the Father of one *Prestantius* who was changed into a Mule, and did carry upon his

back

back Bag and Baggage for Soldiers; but he says this was an illusion of the Devil, and that the Father of *Prostantius* was not really changed into a Mule, but the eyes of the beholders were enchanted. *Bodin* says, one *Garner*, in the shape of a Wolf, kill'd a Child of Twelve years old, eat up her Arms and Legs, and carried the rest home to his Wife. And *Peter Burgis*, and *Michael Werdon*, having turn'd themselves into Wolves, kill'd and eat a vast number of people: Such impossible Stories does this *bellus mendaciorum*, as one calls him, swallow himself, and disgorge to us. He says, the matter of Transformations was disputed before Pope *Leo* the Seventh, and by him were all judged possible. *Wierus ultimo libro de Lamiis, cap.* 14. says, that *Ad Lamiarum omnipotentiam tandem quoq; refertur quod se in Lupos sive canes feles aut alias bestias pro suae libidinis delectu vere & substantialiter transformare, & tantillo tempore in homines rursus transformare posse fateantur idq; deliramentum ab eximiis etiam viris pro ipsa veritate defendatur.* I should have mentioned the transformations of *Lucian* and *Apuleius*, which *Bodin* says Pope *Leo* the Seventh made Canonical: I could cite many more Authorities for this, and for most of the miracles in the fore-written Speech; but I shall tire the Reader and my self: I have not endeavoured to translate the Poets so much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their Musick, see *Ludovicus Elich. Dæmon. quæst.* 10. *p.* 13. and *Remigius Dæmonolat, lib.* 1. *cap.* 19. *Mirus modis illic musicentur ac turbantur omnia, &c. strepant sonis inconditis absurdis ac discrepantibus canis hic Dæmon ad tibiam vel verius ad contum aut baculum aliquod quod forte humi repertum buccam seu tibiam admovet; ille pro Lyra equi calvarium pulsat ac digitis concrepat, alius fuste vel clava graviore Quercum tundit; unde exauditur sonus ac boatus veluti timpanorum vehementius pulsatorum intercinunt raucidæ, &c.* For their Dancing, see *Bodin, lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. who says they Daunce with Brooms. And *Remigius, lib.* 1. *cap.* 17. and 18. *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo & ab omni hominum consuetudine alienum, dorsis invicem versis & in orbem junctis manibus, &c. sua jactantes capita ut qui æstro agitantur.*

ACT. IV.

Sir *Edward*, Sir *Jeffery*, La. *Shaklehead*, Sir *Timothy* and *Isabella*.

Sir *Jeff.* I Am sorry I am forced to complain of my Cosin.

La. *Sha.* Sorry, marry so am not I; I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred, truly Sir *Edward* 'tis unsufferable for my Son, a man of his Quality and Title, Born of such a Family, and so Educated, to be so abused, to have Stones thrown at him like a Dog.

Sir *Jeff.* We must e'en break off the Match, Sir *Edward*.

Sir *Edw.* Sir, I am ashamed of it, I blush and grieve to hear it; Daughter, I never thought to see this day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed I know not what to say, I abuse my Cosin! Sure he is bewitched.

Sir *Tim.* I think I am, to Love you after it, I am sure my Arm's black and blew, that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kissed me, and I run from him, and in foolish play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir *Tim.* And why did you call me Filthy-face, and ugly Fellow, bah, Gentlewoman?

La. *Sha.* He ugly! Nay, then I have no Eyes, though I say't, that should not say't, I have not seen his Fellow---

Isab.

Isab. Nor I neither: 'twas a jest, a jest, he told me he was handsomer for a Man, than I for a Woman.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy, why do you trouble us with this impertinent lye?

La. *Sha.* Good words, Sir *Jeffery*, 'twas not so much amiss; hah, I'le tell you that.

Sir *Edw.* Sure this is some mistake, you told me you were willing to marry.

Isab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledg it before this Company: But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live; the time is now so short, I may confess it.

Sir *Edw.* You would not use him, you intend to marry, ill.

Isab. I Love him I am to marry more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through Modesty; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you Sir, think not that I'd dishonour you so.

Sir *Edw.* Look you, you have made her weep; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, good dear Cousin, don't cry, you'l make me cry too; I can't forbear, I ask your pardon with all my heart, I vow I do, I was to blame, I must confess.

La. *Sha.* Go too, Sir *Timothy*, I never could believe one of your parts would play the Fool so.

Sir *Edw.* And you will marry to morrow.

Isab. I never wisht for any thing so much, you make me blush to say this.

La. *Sha.* Sweet Cousin forgive me, and Sir *Jeffery*, and Sir *Timothy*.

Isab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to morrow? And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool. [*Aside*]

Sir *Jeff.* I could find in my heart to break your head, Sir *Timothy*, you are a Puppy.

Sir *Edw.* Come lets leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir *Jeff.* Cousin, Daughter I should say, I beg your pardon, your Servant.

La. *Sha.* Servant, Sweet Daughter. *Ex. Sir* Edw. *Sir* Jeff. *and Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Dear Cosin be in good humour, I could wish my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so, I would I might ne're stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest: well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a person, and love me so dearly; Oh how happy am I that I shall have thee to morrow in these Arms! by these ten bones, I love you more than all the Ladies in *London* put them together. Prethee Speak to me, O that Smile Kills me, oh I will so Hug thee and Kiss thee, and Love thee to morrow night——I'd give forty pound to morrow night were to night, I hope we shall have twins before the year comes about.

Isab. Do you so Puppy? *She gives him a box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.*

Sir *Tim.* Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Isab. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devils to do now? hah, she Counterfeits a Sound.

Enter

Enter *Theodesia* at one Door, and Sir *Jeffery*, and *Lady* at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear, what's the matter?

Sir *Jeff.* What's the Matter?

Sir *Tim.* I feel the matter, She gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think she is in a Sound.

Isab. Oh the Witch! the Witch came just now into the Room, and struck Sir *Timothy*, and Lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Lord, a Witch! Ay, 'twas a two legg'd Witch.

Isab. And, assoon as she had done, she run out of that Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted, and left her muttering in the next Room.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Impudence!

Sir *Jeff.* You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave these Fyes, is the fellow bewitched? *He cudgels Sir* Tim.

La. *Sha.* Go Fool, I am asharned of you.

Sir *Jeff.* Let's see if we can take this Witch.

La. *Sha.* Quickly, before she flies away. *Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, I have done, I'le ne're tell tale more.

Isab. Begone, Fool, go.

Sir *Tim.* Well, I will endure this, but I am resolved to marry her to morrow and be revenged on her; if she serves me so then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will. *Ex. Sir Tim.*

Isab. Well, I'le be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter Young Harfort *Drunk.*

Yo. *Harf.* Madam! Cozen hold a little, I desire a word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Isab. Adieu then.

Yo. *Harf.* I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so hala (since we must marry to morrow) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to neeght, I'le make bold to Salute you in a Civil way.

Theo. The Fool's drunk.

Yo. *Harf.* By the Mass she kisses rarely, uds lud she has a Breath as sweet as a Cow, I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my bag here; we have had the rarest sport, we had been at it still, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other sport I see.

Yo. *Harf.* What, because I am merry? nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best on 'em all.

An onny mon *Smait* my Sweet heart,
Ayst *Smait* him agen an I con,
Flesh what care for a brokken Yead,
For oneſt a mon's a mon.

Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. *Har.* Ay that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la. *He Sings Roger a Coverly.*

I was

I was at it helter Skelter in excellent Ale, with Londoners that went a Hawking, brave Royſters, honeſt fellows that did not beleive the Plot.

Theo. Why don't you beleive the Plot?

Yo. *Har.* No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no *Popiſh* Plot, but there's a *Preſbyterian* one, he ſays, none but Phanaticks believe it.

Theo. An Excellent Chaplain to make love to his Patrons Daughter, and Corrupt the Son. *Aſide.*
Why all the Eminent men of our Church beleive it; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelyhood, and as ſoon as they find him they'l turn him out of it.

Yo. *Har.* Nay, Couſin I ſhould not have told it, he Charged me to ſay nothing of it; but you and I are all one, you are to be bone of my bone to morrow: And I will Saluſe you once more upon that d'e ſee.

Theo. Hold, Hold, not ſo faſt, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. *Har.* 'Twill come to that and more to morrow, fa, la, la, but I'le out at four a Hawking, though for all that, d'e underſtand me?

Theo. Here's *Doubry*, I muſt get rid of this fool. Enter *Doubry.*
Couſin, I hear your Father coming; if he ſees you in this Condition hee'l be very Angry.

Yo. *Har.* Thank you Kindly, no more to be ſaid, I'le go and Sleep a little, I ſee ſhe loves me, fa, la, la, la. *Ex.* Yo. Harfort.

Doubry. Dear Madam, this is a happy minuite thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I muſt uſe it: To morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo. It ſhall not ruin me; the Inquiſition ſhould not force me to a Marriage with this fool.

Doubry. This is a ſtep to my Comfort; but when your Father ſhall to morrow hear your refuſal, you know not what his paſſion may produce; reſtraint of Liberty is the leaſt.

Theo. He ſhall not reſtrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubt. Put your ſelf into thoſe hands that may defend you from his Power: the hands of him, who loves you more than the moſt Pious value Heaven, than Miſers Gold, than Clergy men love Power, than Lawyers ſtrife, than Jeſuites Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find ſuch a man.

Doubt. Then look no farther Madam, I am he; ſpeak but one word, and make me the happieſt man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little to quick upon me; are you ſure you are the man you ſpeak of?

Doubt. By Heaven; and by your Self I am, or may I be the ſcorn of all Mankind; and the moſt Miſerable too, without you.

Theo. Then you ſhall be the man.

Doubt. Heaven; on my Knees I muſt receive this Bleſſing; there's not another I would ask, my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures for Heavens ſake, here comes my Mother, adieu.

Enter Lady Shakehead.

Doubt. I muſt Compoſe my ſelf.

La. *Sha.* Sir your moſt humble Servant.

Doubt. Your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servant.

La. *Sha.* It is not fit I ſhould loſe this opportunity, to tell you that (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a perſon of your Complexion) who is ſo much a Gentleman, that I'le ſwear I have not ſeen your equal.

Doubt. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praiſes.

La. *Sha.* I vow 'tis true; indeed I have ſtrugled with my ſelf before I thought fit to reveal this: but the conſideration of your great accompliſhments, do indeed, as it were, raviſh, or extort it from me, as I may ſo ſay.

Doubt. I beſeech you Madam.

La. *Sha.* There is a Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bread, and of Parts too, that I muſt ſay, and almoſt confeſs) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries; in fine, envy cannot ſay that ſhe is leſs than a full

Doubt. That this Creature ſhould bring forth ſuch a Da

La. *Sha.* Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and ſhaped

in ſhort, this Lady (whom many have Languiſhed, and

her ſelf, ſo much admire your Perſon, and your Parts, that

contract a Friendſhip with you, intire to all intents and purpo

Doubt. 'Tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be in earneſt, Madam,

Marry ever.

La. *Sha.* Why ſhe is Married already, Lord how dull he is!

have, Married to an old man, far above her ſprightly years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have! *Aſide.*

La. *Sha.* Can you not Gueſs who this is all this while?

Doubt. Too well. *To himſelf.*

Not I truly Madam. *To her.*

La. *Sha.* Ha, ha, ha, no! that's ſtrange, ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot poſſibly.

La. *Sha.* Ha, ha, ha. I'le ſwear! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I le ſwear.

La. *Sha.* 'Tis very much, you are an ill gueſſer, I'le vow, ha, ha, ha! Oh Lord, not yet?

Doubt. Not yet, nor ever can.

La. *Sha.* Here's Company, retire.

Enter *Smerk* and *Tegue O Divelly.*

Smerk. I am all on fire, what is it that Inſpires me? I thought her ugly once, but this morning thought her ugly: And thus to burn in love already! Sure I was blind, ſhe is a beauty greater than my fancy e're could form; a minutes abſence is death to me.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Phaat Joy, dou art in Meditaation and Conſideraation upon ſomething? if it be a Scruple upon thy Conſcience, I believe I vill maak it out unto dee.

Smerk. No Sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her affection, O *Suſan! Suſan!* Ah me! Ah me!

Prieſt. Phaat doſt dou not mind me? nor put dy thought upon me? I do deſire to know of dy Faathers Child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my fait it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Church (de Devil taake mee) I vill tell you now, phare is dere ſuch a one? vill you ſpeak unto me now Joy, hoh?

Smerk. Tis a fine Church, a Church of Splender, and riches, and power, but there are ſome things in it—

Prieſt. Shome things! Phaat doſht dou taalk of ſhome things? By my ſhoule I vill not ſee a better Church in a Shommers day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave dignities, and promotions too; what vill I ſhay unto you? by St. *Phaatrick*, but I do beleeve I vill be a Cardinal before I vill have death. Dey have had hot one *Eeriſh* Cardinal a great while indeed.

Smerk. What power is this that urges me ſo faſt, oh Love! Love!

Prieſt. Shay, doſht dou love promotions and dignities? den I predee What vill I ſay unto you more? but I vill tell you, You do y be ſhaved, and de Caatholicks do ſhay, dat you vill phare is de ſolidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turn a

there is a Purgatory.

ell you what I vill ſhay unto you, I have ſheen many d appear unto me; And by my trot, I do know a Shoule Shoules did ſpeak unto me, and did deſhire of me dat I vould pray dem out of that plaalhe: And dere Paarents, and Friends did give me ſhome money, and I did pray 'em out. Widout money indeed, we cannot pray dem out, no fait.

Smerk. That may not be ſo hard; but for Tranſubſtantiation, I can never beleive it.

Prieſt. Phaat doſht not beleive de Cooncel of Trent Joy? dou vilt be damn'd indeed, and de Devil take me, if dou doſht not beleive it. I vill tell you phaat vill I ſay to you, a Cooncel is infalible, and I tell you, de Cardinals are infallible too, upon occaaſion, and dey are damn'd Heretick Dogs, by my ſhoulvaation, dat do not beleive every oord dey vill ſpeak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a flame within me, oh Love, Love, wether wilt thou carry me?

Prieſt. Art thou in love Joy? by my ſhoule dou doſht Comitt fornicaation, I vill tell you it is a veniall Sinn, and I vill after be abſolveing you for it: but if dou doſh Comitt Marrage, it is mortall, and dou vilt be damn'd and bee fait and trot. I predee now vill dou fornicate and not Marry: for my ſhaake now vilt dou fornicate.

Smerk. Sure I am bewitch'd.

Prieſt. Bewitch'd in love, Aboo! boo! I'le tell you now, you muſt taake de Womans * Shoe dat dou doſht Love ſho, and dou muſt maak a Jaakes of it, dat is to ſhay, dou muſt lay a Sirreverence, and be in it, and it will maake cure upon dee.

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Doubt. I muſt Compoſe my ſelf.

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Doubt. That this Creature ſhould bring forth ſuch a Daughter. *Aſide.*

La. *Sha.* Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and ſhaped much above the ordinary; in ſhort, this Lady (whom many have Languiſhed, and Sigh'd in vain for) does of her ſelf, ſo much admire your Perſon, and your Parts, that ſhe extreamly deſires to contract a Friendſhip with you, intire to all intents and purpoſes.

Doubt. 'Tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be in earneſt, Madam, but were ſhe, I cannot Marry ever.

La. *Sha.* Why ſhe is Married already, Lord how dull he is! ſhe is the beſt Friend I have, Married to an old man, far above her ſprightly years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have! *Aſide.*

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Doubt. Too well. *To himſelf.*

Not I truly Madam. *To her.*

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Smerk. What power is this that urges me ſo faſt, oh Love! Love!

Prieſt. Phaat doſht dou ſhay, doſht dou love promotions and dignities? den I predee now be a Caatholick. What vill I ſay unto you more? but I vill tell you, You do ſhay dat de Caatholicks may be ſhaved, and de Caatholicks do ſhay, dat you vill be after being damn'd, and phare is de ſolidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turn a good Caatholick?

Smerk. I cannot beleive there is a Purgatory.

Prieſt. No! Phy I vill tell you what I vill ſhay unto you, I have ſheen many Shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me; And by my trot, I do know a Shoule when I do ſhee it, and de Shoules did ſpeak unto me, and did deſhire of me dat I vould pray dem out of that plaaſhe: And dere Paarents, and Friends did give me ſhome money, and I did pray 'em out. Widout money indeed, we cannot pray dem out, no fait.

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* *Vide Scot.* Diſcovery &c.

Smerk. Oh the Witch! the Witch! *Mal. Spencer*, I am ſtruck in my Bowels, take

her away, there, oh! I have a Thouſand Needles in me, take her away, *Mal. Spencer.*

Prieſt. Phaare is ſhee, *Mal. Spencer.* *Exercizo te Conjuro te in Nomine, &c.*

He mutters and Croſſes himſelf.

Smerk. Oh, I have a Million of Needles Pricking my Bowels.

Prieſt. I vill, ſet up a hubub for dee, help! help! who is dere? help, Aboo, boo, boo.

Enter Sir. *Jeffery*, and *Lady*, and *Suſan.*

Smerk. Oh Needles! Needles! Take away *Mal. Spencer*, take her away.

Sir. *Jeff.* He is bewitch'd, ſome Witch has gotten his Image, and is tormenting it.

Prieſt. Hold him, and I vill taak ſome courſe vid him, he is poſſeſs'd, or obeſs'd, I vill touch him vid ſome Relicks.

Suſan. Oh, good Sir, help him, what ſhall I do for him?

La. *Sha.* Get ſome Lead melted (and holding over his body) power it into a Poringer full of Water, and if there appear any image upon the Lead, then he is bewitch'd. *This experiment is to be found in* Mal. Mallific.

Prieſt. Peaſh, I ſhay, here is ſhome of St. *Phaatricks* own Whisker, and ſome of the Snuff he did uſe to taak, dat did hang upon his Beard; here is a Tooth of St. *Wmifred*, indeed, here is a Corn from de Toe of St. *Ignatius*, and here is de paring of his Nails too. *He rubs him with theſe Relicks.*

Smerk. Oh worſe, worſe, take her away.

Prieſt. By my ſhoule it is a very ſtrong Devil, I vill try ſome more, here is St. *Caaterine* de Virgins Wedding-Ring, here is one of St. *Bridgets* Nipples of her Tuggs, by my ſhoule, here is ſome of de ſweat of St. *Francis*, and here is a piece of St. *Laurence's* Grid-iron, deſe vill make Cure upon any ſhickneſs, if it be not ones laſhe ſhickneſs.

Suſan. What will become of me, I have poyſon'd him, I ſhall loſe my Lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye, oh, oh.

Prieſt. By my ſhoule it is a very ſtrong Devil, a very nable Devil, I vill run and fetch ſhome Holy-vater. *Ex. Prieſt.*

Suſan. Look up, dear Sir, ſpeak to me, ah woes me, Mr. *Smerk*, Mr. *Smerk.*

Sir *Jeff.* This *Iriſh*-man is a Gallant man about Witches, he out-does me.

La. *Sha.* But I do not know what to think of his Popiſh way, his Words, his Charms, and Holy Water, and Relicks, methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you ſhould ſend him to Goal for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh!

Enter Prieſt with a Bottle of Holy-water.

Prieſt. Now, I varrant you Joy, I vill do de Devil's buſineſs for him, now I have dis Holy-Vater. *The Bottle flies out of his hand.*

Phaat is de matter now? phare is dis Devil dat does taak my Holy-Vater from me? He is afraid of it; I ſhee my bottle, but I do not ſhee de Devil does taake it. I vill Catch it from him. *The Bottle, as he reaches at it, flyes from him.*

Sir. *Jeff.* This is wonderful!

La. *Sha.* Most amazing!

Priest. *Conjuro te malum demonem, Conjuro te pessime in Spiritum redde mihi meum* (*dic Latine*) Bottle, phaat vill I do? It is gone. *It flyes quite away.*

La. *Sha.* 'Tis strange: You se he does not fear holy-water.

Priest. I tell you phaat is de matter, by my Shoule he vill touch de Bottle, because daat is not Consecrate; but, by my fait, he will not meddle vid de Vater. I vill fetch shome, I have in a Baashon. *He runs out and fetches a Bason of Water.*

Susan. He lyes as if he were a Sleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some ease.

Priest. I did never meet vid a Devil dat did Cosht so much Laabour before.

He throws Water in Smerks *Face.*

Exerciso te Demonem fuge, fuge, Exerciso te, per Melchesideck, *per* Bethlehem Gabor, *per omne quod Exit in um seu Græcum sive Latinum.*

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Susan. Good Sir retire to your Chamber, I will fetch some Cordials.

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature! How I am Enamour'd with thee! Thy beauty dazles like the Sun in his *Meridian.*

Sir *Jeff.* Beauty, Enamoured! Why he seems distracted still; lead him to his Chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now Joy, dosht dou shee, I have maade a Miracle by my shoule. Phen vill I shee one of your Church maake a Miracle, hoh? by my Shoulevaation dey cannot maake Miracles out of de Caatolick Church, I tell you now, hoh.

Mother Demdike *enters invisible to them and boxes the Priest.*

Phaat is de matter now, ah? by my shoule shomething does cuff upon my faash, an bee, *Exerciso te in nomine, nomine,* by my shoule Saatan, I vill pelt dee vid Holy-Vater indeed; he is Angry dat I did make a Miracle.

Mother Demdike *gets behind him, and Kicks and Beats him.*

La. *Sha.* What is this, I hear the blows, and see nothing.

Sir *Jeff.* So do I, I am frighted and amazed, lets fly. *Ex. Sir* Jeff. *and* La.

Priest. Oh, oh, vat is dis for Joy, oh, all my Holy-Vater is gone, I must fly.

He mutters and Crosses himself, and the Witch beats him out.

Enter *Bellfort* and *Isabella.*

Bell. All this day have I watched for this opertunity, let me improve it now. Consider, Madam, my Extream Love to you, and your own hatred to that Fool, for whom you are designed to morrow.

Isab. My consent is to be had first.

Bell. Your Fathers resentment of your refusal, may put you out of all possibillity of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Isab. To Marry one against his Consent is a Crime hee I ne're forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to Sir *Joffery* would make him Refuse his Consent beforehand: He is too reasonable a man to be troubled afterwards, at your Marrying to a better Estate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you; I have not words for it.

Isab.

Isab. Though I must Confess you may deserve much better, would you not Imagine I were very forward to receive you upon so short an Acquaintance.

Bell. Would I had a Casement in my Breast. Make me not, by your delay, the miserablest wretch on Earth. (Which I shall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to Consider long, I lay my self at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Isab. How shall I be sure you'l not deceive me? These hasty vows, like Angry words, Seldom shoes the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Isab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his Word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curses on me when I break it; my Chaplin's in the House, and passes for my valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy Madam?

Isab. I le trust your honour, and I'le make my self so; I throw my self upon you, use me nobly: now 'tis out.

Bell. Use yee, as I would use my Soul; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wish to be.

Isab. Take care, we shall be spyed: The short time I have to resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Deares! Sweetest of Creatures! my Joy distracts m

Isab. For Heavens sake leave me, if you raise a Jealously we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu my Life! my Soul! I am all obedience.

IRREGULAR P

Enter *Theodosia.*

Isab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained m I love him.

Theo. I have Confessed to my Ghostly Father too, and my Conscience is at ease.

Isab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he Could put in Words.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, Lady, and Sir *Timothy*.

Theo. And mine in rapture; I am the happiest Woman Living.

Isab. I'le not yeild to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cause, I would not submit to you in, but this my Dear.

Isab. I will hold out in this cause while I have breath, I am happier in my Choyce than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Handsomest, Wittiest, most accomplisht Gentleman——

Isab. Mine is the beautifullest, sweetest, well-shap'd, well-bred, wittiest Gentleman—

Sir *Tim.* That must be I, whom she means, for all my Quarrels with her.

La. *Sha.* Peace, we shall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we shall be to morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that? Listen.

Isab.

Iſab. (If no unlucky Accident ſhould hinder us) we ſhall be farr happier than they can Imagine.

Theo. How we have Cheated them all this while!

Iſab. 'Slife they are behind us, ſtirr not. We have hidden our love from them all this while.

La. *Sha.* Have you ſo? but we ſhall find it now. *aſide*

Iſab. Your Brother Little thinks I Love him ſo; For I have been Croſs and coy to him on purpoſe. I ſhall be the happieſt Woman in him, I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wiſh your Brother lov'd me as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the man ſhe was to Marry as I do him; I am to have to morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* That's my beſt Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, nay bluſh not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear diſſembler: well, I proteſt and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. *Sha.* I hope to morrow will be a happy day for both our families.

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*, and Muſicians.

Oh Sir [illegible] not that ſtrange I told you, I ſhould not have beleived it if I had

[illegible] me the ſame liberty: But now wee'l have ſome muſick, [illegible]ment, Sing me the Song I Commanded you, and then wee'l [illegible] to bed.

Song

Enter *Prieſt*.

[illegible] pretty Song, but I vill ſhing a brave Cronan now, dat is better I tell you. *He Sings.*

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis very fine, but ſing me one Song more in three parts, to ſweeten our Ears, for all that. Why what's the matter? you gape and make faces, and do not ſing, what's the matter, are you mad? They gape and ſtrain, but cannot ſing, but make an ugly noiſe.

Prieſt. Doe you play, play I ſay, Oh they are bewitch'd, I vill ſhay no more.

Sir *Edw.* Play I ſay.

Muſic. I can't, my Arms are on the ſudden ſtiff as marble, I cannot move them.

They hold up their bows, but cannot play. Exit. Prieſt.

Sir. *Edw.* Sure this is roguery, and Confederacy.

Prieſt. *Conjuro te conjuro in nomine, &c.* *The* Prieſt *come in with Holy-Water and flings it upon them So long till they run out roaring.*

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold, prethee don't duck us all: we are not all bewitch'd.

Prieſt. I tell you it iſh good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon occaaſion.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you ſee, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water?

Prieſt. A Reſheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoule he is a Foole. I have made

two

Iſab. Though I muſt Confeſs you may deſerve much better, would you not Imagine I were very forward to receive you upon ſo ſhort an Acquaintance.

Bell. Would I had a Caſement in my Breaſt. Make me not, by your delay, the miſerableſt wretch on Earth. (Which I ſhall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to Conſider long, I lay my ſelf at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miſerable by you.

Iſab. How ſhall I be ſure you'l not deceive me? Theſe haſty vows, like Angry words, Seldom ſhoes the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Iſab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his Word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curſes on me when I break it; my Chaplin's in the Houſe, and paſſes for my valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy Madam?

Iſab. I le truſt your honour, and I'le make my ſelf ſo; I throw my ſelf upon you, uſe me nobly: now 'tis out.

Bell. Uſe yee, as I would uſe my Soul; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wiſh to be.

Iſab. Take care, we ſhall be ſpyed: The ſhort time I have to reſolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modeſty, than otherwiſe you would have occaſion for.

Bell. Deareſt! Sweeteſt of Creatures! my Joy diſtracts me, I cannot ſpeak to you.

Iſab. For Heavens ſake leave me, if you raiſe a Jealouſly in the Houſe I am ruin'd, we'll meet ſoon.

Bell. Adieu my Life! my Soul! I am all obedience. *Exit.* Bellfort.

Enter *Theodoſia.*

Iſab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained me ſo; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have Confeſſed to my Ghoſtly Father too, and my Conſcience is at eaſe.

Iſab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he Could put in Words.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, Lady, and Sir *Timothy*.

Theo. And mine in rapture; I am the happieſt Woman Living.

Iſab. I'le not yeild to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cauſe, I would not ſubmit to you in, but this my Dear.

Iſab. I will hold out in this cauſe while I have breath, I am happier in my Choyce than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Hanſomeſt, Wittieſt, moſt accompliſht Gentleman——

Iſab. Mine is the beautifulleſt, ſweeteſt, well-ſhap'd, well-bred, wittieſt Gentleman——

Sir *Tim.* That muſt be I, whom ſhe means, for all my Quarrels with her.

La. *Sha.* Peace, we ſhall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we ſhall be to morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that? Liſten.

Iſab.

Iſab. (If no unlucky Accident ſhould hinder us) we ſhall be farr happier than they can Imagine.

Theo. How we have Cheated them all this while!

Iſab. 'Slife they are behind us, ſtirr not. We have hidden our love from them all this while.

La. *Sha.* Have you ſo? but we ſhall find it now. *aſide*

Iſab. Your Brother Little thinks I Love him ſo; For I have been Croſs and coy to him on purpoſe. I ſhall be the happieſt Woman in him, I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wiſh your Brother lov'd me as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the man ſhe was to Marry as I do him; I am to have to morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* That's my beſt Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, nay bluſh not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear diſſembler: well, I proteſt and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. *Sha.* I hope to morrow will be a happy day for both our families.

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*, and Muſicians.

Oh Sir *Edward*, is not that ſtrange I told you, I ſhould not have beleived it if I had not ſeen it.

Sir *Edw.* And pray give me the ſame liberty: But now wee'l have ſome muſick, that's good againſt inchantment, Sing me the Song I Commanded you, and then wee'l have a dance before we go to bed.

Song.

Enter *Prieſt*.

Prieſt. Hoh, 'tis a pretty Shong, but I vill ſhing a brave Cronan now, dat is better I tell you. *He Sings.*

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis very fine, but ſing me one Song more in three parts, to ſweeten our Ears, for all that. Why what's the matter? you gape and make faces, and do not ſing, what's the matter, are you mad? *They gape and ſtrain, but cannot ſing, but make an ugly noiſe.*

Prieſt. Doe you play, play I ſay, Oh they are bewitch'd, I vill ſhay no more.

Sir *Edw.* Play I ſay.

Muſic. I can't, my Arms are on the ſudden ſtiff as marble, I cannot move them. *They hold up their bows, but cannot play. Exit.* Prieſt.

Sir. *Edw.* Sure this is roguery, and Confederacy.

Prieſt. *Conjuro te conjuro in nomine, &c.* *The* Prieſt *come in with Holy-Water and flings it upon them So long till they run out roaring.*

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold, prethee don't duck us all we are not all bewitch'd.

Prieſt. I tell you it iſh good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon occaaſion.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you ſee, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water?

Prieſt. A Reſheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoule he is a Foole. I have made

two

two Hogſheads gra: and I vill have you vaſh all de Rooms vid it, and de Devill vill not come upon de plaaſh by my Shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however, I ſhall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Cauſes, becauſe I cannot preſently aſſign thoſe Cauſes.

Sir *Edw.* You are in the right, we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not ſee the cauſe, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Prieſt. By my Shoule you do talke like Heretick-Dogs, and Aathieſts.

Sir *Edw.* Let us enquire farther about theſe Muſicians.

Prieſt. I vill maake ſhome Miracles, and I think I vill be after reconcileing dem indeed, oh dou damn'd vitch. *Ex. all but Prieſt.*

Now I doe ſhee dee I vill beat upon dee vid my Beads and Crucifix, oh, oh, ſhee is a damn'd Proteſtant Heretick Vitch, daat is de reaſon ſhe vill not fly, oh, oh, oh. *Mumbles Doct. riſes up, and boxes him, he ſtrikes her with Beads, and ſhe him with her Staff, and beats him out.* *Ex. Prieſt.*

Enter Tom Shacklehead, *and* Clod, *in the Field.*

Tho. Sha. Byr Lady 'tis meeghty ſtrong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will bee ſtark wood, his Hawkes want their Pidgeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wouden yeow bee a Angee? Fleſh, Ay ha gotten de Bridle byr Lady, Ayſt ma ſome body carry mee, and bee my Titt too.

Tom. Thou'rt a ſtrange Fillee (Horſe I ſhould ſay) why didſt thou think thou waſt a Titt when th' Bridle was on thee.

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am ſure, I wott I was a Titt, a meere Titt.

Tom. Liſten, there's a noiſe of women in the Ayr, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Maſs, 'tis Witches.

Witches above. Here this way, no that way, make haſte, follow the Dame, we ſhall be too late, 'tis time enough; away, away, away.

Tom. Wawnds and Fleſh it is a flock of Witches byr Lady, they come reeght ore head, I'ſt let fly at 'em, hah, be th' maſs I ha mamed one, heres one has a wing brocken at leaſt. *He ſhoots, M. Spencer ſhrieks, and falls down.*

Clod. M. Spencer by th' maſs.

M. Spen. O Rogues! I'le be revenged on you, Dogs, Villains, you have broken my Arm.

Clod. I was made a Horſe, a Titt by thee, by th' maſs I'ſt be revenged o'thee. *He puts the Bridle upon her.*

Horſe, Horſe, be thou to me.
And carry me where e're I flee.

He flies away upon her.

Tom. O'ds Fleſh, what's this? I cannot believe my Senſes; I mun walk home alone, but I'le charge my Peice again byr Lady, and the Haggs come agen I'ſt have t'other Shoot at 'em. *Ex. Tom. Shack.*

The

The Scene returns to Sir Edwards *House.*

Enter Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. My Dear Friend, I am ſo tranſported with exceſs of Joy, it is become a pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear *Bellfort*! I am in the ſame Caſe, but (if the hope tranſports us ſo) what will Enjoyment do?

Bell. My Blood is chill, and ſhivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One night with my Miſtreſs would outweigh an Age of Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a nights Enjoyment of mine, I would be hang'd next morning: I am Impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words; your Parſon's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witneſſes.

Bell. He is ſo, 'twill be diſpatch'd in half a quarter of an hour, all are retired to bed.

Enter Lady *Shacklehead.*

Doubt. Go in, yonders my Lady-Mother-in-Law coming, I muſt contrive a way to ſecure her: in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old Fellow ſhould be aſleep already! ſhe comes now to diſcover, what I know too well already.

La. *Sha.* He is there I'le ſwear, a punctual Gentleman, and a perſon of much honour; Sir, I am come according to your appointment; Sir *Jeffery* is faſt.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left *Bellfort* aſleep, who is a Jealous man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt your Ladiſhip and me.

La. *Sha.* I vow: ha, ha, ha, me? no, no; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a ſhort time, and when I have ſecured him, I'le wait on you; but let it be i'th' dark.

La. *Sha.* You ſpeak like a Diſcreet and Worthy Perſon, remember this Room, there's no body lies in it; I will ſtay there in the dark for you. *Ex. Lady.*

Doubt. Your moſt humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber as if I miſtook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter *Tegue O Divelly.*

Prieſt. Dere is ſhometimes de pretty Wenches, doe walke here in de dark at night, and by my Shoulvaation if I doe catch one, I vill be after enjoying her Body: and fait and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial Sin, and I do not care.

Doubt. Death, who is here? ſtay Ladies, here's the damn'd Prieſt in the way.

Enter Doubty *with a Candle.*

Iſab. Go you, wee'l follow by and by in the dark. *The Ladies retire, Doubty goes to his Chamber.*

Enter Lady *Shacklehead.*

La. *Sha.* I hear one trampling, he is come already, ſure *Bellfort* is aſleep; who is there?

Prieſt. By my Shoul it is a Womans ſpeech, 'tis I; where are you? by my fait I vill maak a Child upon her Body.

La. *Sha.* Mr. *Doubty.*

Prieſt. Ay, let me put a ſweet Kiſh upon dy hand Joy, and now I vill Shalute dy Mout, and I vill embraaſh dy Body too indeed.

La. *Sha.* S'life, I am miſtaken, this is the Iriſh Prieſt; his underſtanding is ſure to betray him.

Prieſt. I predee now Joy be not niſhe, I vill maak ſhome good ſport vid dee indeed. *La. pulls her hand away, and flies.*

Hoo now, phaare is dy hand now? oh, *Enter Mother* Dickenſon *and puts her hand into the Prieſts.*

Here it is by my Shoule.

I vill uſe dee braavely upon occaaſion, I vill tell you, predee kiſh me upon my Faaſh now, it is a braave kiſh indeed. *The Witch kiſſes him.*

By my Shoul dou art very hanſome, I doe know it, dough I cannot ſhee dee. I predee now retire vid me, aboo, aboo, by my Shoule dis is a Gaalant occaaſion, come Joy.

Ex. Prieſt and Witch. Enter Lady.

La. *Sha.* What's the meaning of this? he talked to ſome Woman, and killed her too, and is retired into the Chamber I was in.

Iſab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no noiſe. *Enter* Iſab. *and* Theo.

Theo. Nor I, this is the happy time.

La. *Sha.* This muſt be he; who's there?

Theo. S'life! this is my Mothers voice, retire ſoftly.

Iſab. Oh Misfortune! What makes her here? we are undone if ſhe diſcovers us.

La. *Sha.* Whoſe there I ſay? will you not anſwer? what can this mean? 'tis not a Wench I hope for *Doubty*, and then I care not. *Iſab.* and *Theo.* retire.

Enter Prieſt and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes; ha, whom have we here? I am ſure this is not he, he does not come that way.

Prieſt. By my ſhoul Joy, dou art a Gaalant peece of Fleſh, a braave Bedfellow, phoo art dou?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Prieſt. Phaat vill I doe to ſhee dy faaſh I wonder? Oh, here is a light approaching unto us.

La. *Sha.* Who's this with a light? I muſt fly. *Ex. La.* Sha.

Enter

Enter Susan *with a Candle.*

Prieſt. Now I vill ſhee dy faaſh.

Suſan. O, Sir, are you there? I am going to Mr. *Smirk* with this Candle poor man.

Prieſt. O phaat have I done? Oh! de Vich! de Vich!

Suſan. Oh! the Witch! the Witch!

The Witch ſinks, ſhe lets fall the Candle and Candle, and runs away ſhrieking.

Prieſt. By my Shoule I have had communicaation and Copulaation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaat vill I do! phaat vill I do! by my fait and trot, I did tought ſhee had been a braave and gaallant Lady, and bee, oh! oh!

Ex. Prieſt.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* What ſhriek was that? hah! here's nobody, ſure all's clear now!

Enter Iſabella, Theodoſia.

Iſab. I heard a ſhriek, this is the time to venture, they are frighted out of the Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture; we ſhall have people ſtirring very early this morning to prepare for the Wedding elſe.

La. *Sha.* Ha! who's that? I am terribly afraid: Heaven! what's this! the Chamber door open'd, and I ſaw a woman or two go in, I am enraged, I'le diſturb 'em.

Iſab. *and* Theo. *creep ſoftly into* Bellforts *and* Doubty's *Chamber.*

Iſabella, Theodoſia, Bellfort, Doubty *diſguis'd, Parſon and Servants in the Chamber.*

Iſab. You ſee we are women of words, and women of courage too, that dare venture upon this dreadful buſineſs.

Bell. Welcom, more welcom than all the Treaſures of the Sea and Land,

Doubt. More welcom than a Thouſand Angels.

Theo. Death! we are undone, one knocks.

La. Shack. *knocks.*

Bell. Curſe on 'em; keep the door faſt.

La. *Sha.* Gentlemen open the door for Heavens ſake, quickly.

Iſab. Open it, we are ruined elſe; wee'l into the Bed, you know what you have to do.

They cover themſelves. Enter La. Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* Gentlemen, the Houſe is alarm'd with Witches, and I ſaw two come into this Chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you ſee.

Doubt. They come inviſibly then; for we had our eyes on the door.

La. *Sha.* Are they not about the Bed ſomewhere? Let's ſearch.

Bell. There are no Witches there, I can aſſure you.

La. *Sha.* Look a little, I warrant you.

Sir Jeffery *knocks within.*

Sir Jeff. Open the door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La. *Sha.* Oh! my Husband, I am ruin'd if he ſees me here.

Doubt. Put out the Candles, lye down before the door.

He enters, and ſtumbles upon the Servant.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh! Oh! I have broken my knees; this is the Witches doing: I have loſt my Wife too: lights, lights there.

La. *Sha.* I'le not ſtay here. *She creeps out ſoftly.*

Iſab. Here's no ſtaying for us.

Theo. Quickly, go by the Wall. *They Crawl on.*

Sir *Jeff.* For Heavens ſake let's into the Gallery and call for lights.

Bell. A Curſe upon this Fellow and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him, the Ladies are gone too.

ACT. V.

Enter Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. WHat unfortunate diſapointments have we met with!

Doubt. All ill luck has conſpired againſt us this night.

Bell. We have been near being diſcover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to do our buſineſs in; if we diſpatch not this affair now, all will come out to morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't; ſure the ſurpriſe the Ladies were in before, has frighted 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with people, in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think ſo too; for they ſeem to be very hearty in this matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours. Bell. *goes in.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* Hold, Mr. *Doubty.*

Doubt. A Curſe on all damn'd luck, is ſhe here? *Aſide.* Sweet Madam, is it you! I have been watching, for *Bellfort*'s ſleeping ever ſince.

La. *Sha.* I venture hard, ſince Sir *Jeffery* miſs'd me out of Bed, I had much a-do to faſten an excuſe upon him.

Doubt. I am ſo affraid of *Bellforts* coming, Madam, he was here but even now; The hazard of your honour puts me in an Agony.

La. *Sha.* O dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never diſcover any thing; beſides, we will retire into yon Room.

Doubt. Death, what ſhall I do now. *She puts out the Candle.*

La. *Sha.* And ſince it is dark, and you cannot ſee my Bluſhes, I muſt tell you, you are a very ill gueſſer; for I my ſelf was the perſon I diſcrib'd.

Doubt. Oh Madam! you raille me, I will never believe it while I live; it is impoſſible.

La. *Sha.* I'le ſwear 'tis true: Let us withdraw into that Room, or we ſhall be diſcover'd.

cover'd. Oh Heaven, I am undone, my Husband with a light; run into your Chamber.

Doubt. Tis a happy deliverance. *Aside.* Ex. Doubty.

La. *Sha.* I'le counterfeit walking in my ſleep.

Enter Sir Jeffery *with a Light.*

Sir *Jeff.* Where is this Wife of mine? She told me ſhe fell aſleep in the Cloſet, at her Prayers, when I miſt her before; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber: But now ſhe is not there I am ſure. Ha! here ſhe is. Ha, what is ſhe blind! ſhe takes no notice of me! how gingerly ſhe treads!

La. *Sha.* Oh! ſtand off—who's that would kill my dear Sir *Jeffery*? ſtand off I ſay.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh Lord, kill me! where! ha! here's nobody.

La. *Sha.* Oh! the Witch, the Witch, oh ſhe pulls the cloaths off me, Hold me, dear Sir *Jeffery*, hold me.

Sir *Jeff.* On my Conſcience and Soul ſhe walks in her ſleep.

La. *Sha.* Oh, all the Cloaths are off, cover me, oh I am ſo cold!

Sir *Jeff.* Good lack a day, it is ſo! my Dear, my Lady.

La. *Sha.* Hah, hah. *She opens her eyes and ſhrieks.*

Sir *Jeff.* Wake I ſay, wake.

La. *Sha.* Ah.

Sir *Jeff.* Tis I my dear.

La. *Sha.* Oh Heav'n! Sir *Jeffery*, where am I?

Sir *Jeff.* Here in the Gallery.

La. *Sha.* Oh! how came I here?

Sir *Jeff.* Why, thou didſt walk in thy ſleep; good lack a day, I never ſaw the like.

La. *Sha.* In my ſleep ſay you! oh Heav'n! I have catcht my death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the ſtory there.

Sir *Jeff.* Come on. Ha, ha, ha, this is ſuch a jeſt! walk in your ſleep! godsniggs, I ſhall ſo laugh at this in the morning.

La. *Sha.* This is a happy come off. *Aſide*

Enter Iſabella *and* Theodoſia.

Iſab. If we do not get into this Chamber ſuddenly, we are undone: They are up in the Offices already.

Theo. Never have adventures been ſo often diſapointed, in ſo ſhort a time.

Iſab. There's no body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Haſt then, and let us fly thither.

Iſab. } Ah, what's this? { *Juſt as they are entring, Chaplain and* Su-
Theo. } { ſan *enter with a Candle.*

Suſan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh mercy upon us, where is this Candle? So let me tell you, 'Twas no Witch; they were the two young Ladies, that frighted my dear beautious Love ſo; and I'le acquaint their Parents with it I'le aſſure you.

Suſan. This is ſtrange, what could they have to do at this time o'th' night!

Smerk.

Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to do. I am inflam'd beyond all measure, with thy heavenly beauty.

Susan. Alas, my beauty is but moderate; yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so; your eyes are bright like two Twin-Stars; your Face is an Ocean of beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by Jewels, thy beauty is of a Noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Schollar.

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a *Dowdy* to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs *Susan* cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry: Love makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not: yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip, Oh fragrant! fragrant! *Arabia felix* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip, what's that? I have nothing, I have no pimple, nor any thing upon my lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet Innocence—I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would injoy thy lovely Body in sweet dalliance.

Susan. How Sir! do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin! know, I will preserve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience? why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The Casuists will tell you, it is a Marriage in *foro Conscientiæ*; and besides, the Church of *Rome* allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off, I defie you: your Casuists are Knaves, and you are a Papist, you are a foul voluptuous Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, Dear, Beautious Creature, I am at thy mercy: Must I marry then? speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'le do any thing.

Susan. Stand off, I scorn thy Love; thou art a pitious Fellow.

Smerk. Dear Mrs. *Susan* hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'le marry thee.

Susan. I'le see thee hang'd e're I'le trust thee, or e're a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already, I thank you. *Aside.*

Smerk. Must I then Marry?

Enter Isabella *and* Theodosia *disguised, with Vizors like Witches.*

Isab. Yonders the Chaplin and *Susan*;
But this disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly. *Ex.* Susan *and Chaplin.*

Enter

Enter Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. What ſhriek was that?
Doubt. We have been ſeveral times alarm'd with theſe Noiſes.
Bell. Here's nothing but madneſs and confuſion in this Family.
Iſab. Heav'n! who are theſe whiſpering?
Doubt. Who's this I have hold on, heav'n grant it be not my Lady?
Theo. Tis I, 'tis *Theodoſia.*
Doubt. Tis lucky— where is your fair Companion?
Theo. Here.
Doubt. And here's my Friend—
Bell. A thouſand Bleſſings on you.
Prieſt. Phoo are deſe?

Enter Prieſt with a Candle.

Bell. Heav'n what's this, the damn'd Prieſt? Theſe diſguiſes will ſerve our turn yet: oh, Sir we are haunted with Witches here, run in quickly for ſome Holy-water.
Prieſt. I vill, I vill, let me alone. *Ex. Prieſt.*
Bell. Now in, in quickly. *Ex.* Bell. Doubt. Iſab. *and* Theo.

Enter Prieſt with Holy-water.

Prieſt. Phaar is deſe Vitches? phaar are dey? hah, dey are Waniſht for feare of me, I vill put diſh down in dis plaaſh for my defence; what vill I do now? I have maade Fornication vid dis Vitch or Succubus indeed, when I do go home, I vill be after being abſolv'd for it, and den I vill be as Innocent as de child unborne by my Shoule. I have hang'd my ſelf all round vid reliques indeed, and de Sprights and de Vitches cannot hurt me fait and trot.—

Enter Mother Dickenſon.

M. Dick. My Dear, I come to viſit thee again.
Prieſt. Phaat is here, de Vitch agen does come to haunt me, *Benidicite*, out upon dee dou damn'd Vitch, vat doſht dou come upon me for? I defy dee, a plaague taak dee indeed.
M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor Innocent woman, and a Tenant of *Sir Edwards*, and one that loves you dearly.
Prieſt. Dou plaagy Vitch, let me come unto my holy vater, and I vill pay dee off indeed; hoh, by my ſhoulvaation 'tis all flown away—oh dou damn'd Vitch, I vill hang dee indeed.
M. Dick. Prethee be kinder, my Dear, and kiſs me.
Prieſt. Out, out, kiſs dee—a plaague taake dee Joy, ſtand off upon me, by my ſhoulvaation, I vill kiſs de dogs Arſe ſhaving dy preſence, before I vill be after kiſhing dee.
M. Dick. Be not ſo unkind to thy own Dear. Thou didſt promiſe me Marriage, thou know'ſt, and I come to claim thee for my Husband.
Prieſt

Prieſt. Aboo, boo, boo, Marriage, Vat vill I Marry vid a Vitch, by my ſhoule—*Conjuro te, fuge, fuge.*

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine; for do you hear Sir, you promiſed me Marriage, and I will have you.

Prieſt. Oh phaat vill I do? Vat vill I do?

M. Dick. This Morning I will Marry you, I'le ſtay no longer, you are mine.

Prieſt By my ſhoule Joy I vill tell you, I am a Romiſh Prieſt, and I cannot Maarry. What would you have now?

M. Dick. You ſhall turn Proteſtant then, for I will have you.

Prieſt. By St. *Paatrick* phaat does ſhe ſay? Oh damn'd Proteſtant Vitch. I vill ſpeak ſhivilly, Madam, I vill tell dee now, if dou vill repair unto dine own Houſe, by my ſhoulwaation I vill come unto dee to morrow, and I will give dee ſatisfaction indeed. *Aſide,* As ſoon as ſhe does get home, fait and trot I vill bring de Conſtable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'le not be put off, I le have you now. *She lays hold on him.*

Prieſt. By my Shoul I vill not go, I vill hang dee for a Vitch; and now I do apprehend dee upon daat. Help, help.

Enter Tom. Sha. *and* Clod.

I have taaken a Vitch ineeed: Help, help.

M. Dick. I am your Wife.

Prieſt. Help, help, I have taaken a Vitch.

Tom. Sha. Ha! what's here? one of the Witches by th' Meſs.

Prieſt. Ay, by my Shoule Joy, I have taaken her.

Tom. Sha. Nay, byr Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a Witch too; lay hawd on her.

M. Dick. Deber, Deber, little Martin, little Martin, where art thou little Maſter? where art thou little Maſter?

Prieſt. Doſt dou mutter? By my ſhoule I vill hang dee Joy; a plaague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Popiſh Prieſt, and I will hang thee.

Prieſt. I am Innocent as the Child unborn, I vill taak de Oades, and bee—

M. Dick. Marmot, Mamilion, Rouncy, Puckling, little Maſter, have you left me all?

Clod. We han got another Witch, who's ſtrongly gaurded and Watched i'th ſtabo.

Tom. Sha. Come let's hale her thether: We cou'd not get into the hawſe till naw, we came whoame ſo late at night.

Prieſt. Come let us taake de Vitch away: I vill hang dee Joy—a plaague taake dee fait.

M. Dick. Am I o'retaken then—I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Tom. Sha. Let us carry her thether, come along.

Prieſt. Pull her away—we will be after hanging of you Fait and Trot. *Ex.*

Enter

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and *Servant*, with a Candle.

Sir *Tim.* I could not reſt to night for the Joy of being Marryed to day: 'Tis a pretty Rogue—ſhe's ſomewhat Croſs— but I warrant her ſhe will love me, when ſhe has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you riſe ſo ſoon? 'Tis not day yet.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis no matter, I cannot ſleep man, I am to be Married Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you ſhould have ſlept now, that you might watch the better at night: For 'twill be uncivil to ſleep much upon your Wedding Night.

Sir *Tim.* Uncivil, ay that it will—very uncivil: I wont ſleep a wink. call my new Brother-in-Law: Oh here he is, he can't ſleep neither.

Enter *Harford*, and his Man with a Candle.

Yo. *Har.* Set down the Candle; and go bid the Groom get the Horſes ready, I muſt away to the Powts.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Brother, good morrow to you; what a Devil's this— what booted! are you taking a Journey upon your wedding day?

Yo. *Har.* No, but I will not loſe my Hawking this Morning; I will come back time enough to be Married Brother.

Sir *Tim.* Well, breeding's a fine thing—this is a ſtrange ill-bred Fellow! what Hawk upon your Wedding day! I have other game to fly at—Oh how I long for night—why my Siſter will think you care not for her.

Yo. *Har. aſide,* No more— I don't very much: a pox on Marrying, I love a Hawk, and a Dog, and a Horſe, better than all the Women in the World. [*To him.* Why I can Hawk and Marry too: She ſhall ſee I love her: For I will leave off Hawking before Ten a Clock.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I cannot come at the Horſes, for the People have taken a brace of Witches, and they are in the ſtable under a ſtrong guard, that will let no body come at 'em.

Yo. *Har.* Uds fleſh, I ſhall have my Horſes bewitch'd, and loſe 500 Pounds worth of Horſe Fleſh.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, they can do no hurt—when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em—Let's go ſee 'em—

Yo. *Har.* What ſhall we do?

Their men taking up the Candles, and Spirits fly away with 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Let us ſtand up cloſe againſt the Wall.

Yo. *Har.* Liſten, here are the Witches, what will become of us?

Enter *Iſabella*, *Theodoſia*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Bell. A Thouſand bleſſings light on thee my Dear Pretty Witch.

Sir *Tim.* O Lord! there's the Devil too Courting of a Witch.

Doubt. This is the firſt Night I ever liv'd, thou Deareſt, Sweeteſt Creature.

Yo. *Har.* Oh! ſweet quoth a, that's more than I can ſay of my ſelf at this time.

Iſab. We will go and be decently prepared for the Wedding that's Expected.

Theo. Not a word of diſcovery till the laſt; creep by the Wall. Ha-- who's here!

Iſab. Where?

Yo. *Har.* Oh good Devil don't hurt us, we are your humble ſervants.

Bell. In, in quickly---- *Ex.* Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Sir *Tim.* Lights, Lights, Help, Help, Murder, Murder, Oh good Devil don't hurt me; I am a Whoremaſter.

Yo. *Har.* And I am a Drunkard; Help, Help, Murder. *Ex.* Ladies.

Enter *Tom. Shacklehead* with a Candle, and *Tegue O Devilly.*

Tom. Sha. What's the Matter? *Thunder ſofily here.*

Prieſt. Phaat is de matter Joy?

Sir *Tim.* O Nuncle! here have been Devils and Witches: They have flown away with our Candles, and put us in fear of our lives. *Thunder and Lighten.*

Tom. Sha. Here's a great Storm Ariſing---- what can be the matter! the Haggs are at Warck by'r Lady, and they come to me by th' maſs, I ha getten my brawd Sward: Ayſt mow 'em down, ged faith will I.

Prieſt. Be not affraid, I vill taake a Caare, and I vill conjure down this Tempeſt fait an bee. *Thunders.*

Tom. Sha. Fleſh that Thunder Clap ſhook the hawſe, Candle burns blew too.

Sir *Tim.* Death, it goes out, what will become of us?

Tom. Sha. An the Witches come, by'r Lady Ayſt mow 'em down with my brawd Sward I warrant o'--- I have ſhot one Witch flying to Neeght already.

Enter *M. Hargrave*, *M. Madge*, and two Witches more, they mew and ſpit like Cats, and fly at 'em, and ſcratch 'em.

Yo. *Har.* What's this! we are ſet upon by Cats.

Sir *Tim.* They are Witches in the ſhape of Cats, what ſhall we do?

Prieſt. Phaat will I do? Cat, Cat, Cat, Oh, oh.

Conjuro vos fugite, fugite. Cacodæmones, Cats, Cats. *They Scrateh all their Faces till the Blood runs about 'em.*

Tom. Sha. Have at ye all, I ha *He cats at them.*

Mauld ſome of 'em by'th' maſs, they are fled, but I am plagueily ſeratcht, } *The Witches ſcreek and run away.*

Prieſt. Dey ware affraid of my Charmes, and de ſign of de Croſs did maake dem fly--- but dey have ſeratcht a great deale upon my faath for all daat.

Yo. *Har.* Mine is all of a gore blood.

Sir *Tim.* And mine too---that theſe damn'd Witches ſhould diſfigure my Countenance upon my Wedding day.

Yo. *Har.* O Lord, what a Tempeſt's this? *Thunder.*

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffery *with a Light.*

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven! What a Storm is this! The Witches and all their Imps are at work. Who are theſe? hah!----your Faces are all bloody.

Sir *Tim.* We have been frighted out of our Wits; we have been aſſaulted by Witches in the ſhape of Cats, and they have ſcratcht us moſt ruefully.

Prieſt. But I did fright dem away, by my Shoule.

Sir *Jeff.* Why you are as much mauld as any one, nay, they are at work--- I never remember ſuch Thunder and Lightning; bid 'em ring out all the Bells at the Church.

Prieſt. I vill * Baptize all your Bells for you Joy, and then they vill ſtop the Tempeſt indeed, and not before; I tell you, oh, Baptized Bells are braave things fait.

* *Wier: præſt. Dæm. lib.* 1. *p.* 43. and 44. ſhows, that it is the opinion of Papiſts, that Baptized Bells will drive away Tempeſts, ſee alſo *Guacc. compend. malific. rum lib.* 3. *cap.* 6.

Tom. Sha. Fleſh, Chriſten Bells!

Sir *Tim.* Yes, I believe the great Bell at *Oxford* was Chriſten'd *Tom.*

Yo. *Har.* And that at *Lincoln* has a Chriſten name too.

Prieſt. I tell de Joy, I vill carry de hoſht and ſhome reliques abroad, and we vill get a black Chicken and maak one of de Virches throw it into de Aire, and it vill maak ſtop upon de Tempeſt.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, all the Authors ſay, * ſacrificing a black Chicken ſo, will raiſe a Tempeſt.

* *Nider in formicario* cites this from a Judge, who had it from the confeſſion of a Witch. *cap.* 4.

Tho. Sha. What's here a haund! uds Fleſh, you ſee I have cut off a haund of one of the Haggs.

Sir *Jeff.* Let's ſee, this is a lucky evidence; keep it and ſee what Witch it will fit, and 'tis enough to hang her.

Prieſt. The Storm begins to ſtay; I did ſhay ſhome Aves, and part of de Goſpel of St. *John*, and in fine, *fugiat Tempeſtas*, and it does go away upon it indeed.

Tho. Sha. We may trace her by her Blood.

Sir *Tim.* But hark you, What's the reaſon my Hawks wanted their Pidgeons? uds bud I ſhall remember you for it; you think to live like a Lubber here and do nothing.

Tom. Sha. Peace, I was drunken, peace good Sir *Timothy*, Ayſt do no more ſo.

Sir *Jeff.* Methinks all on a ſudden the Storm is laid.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Conſtable and the reſt of us have taken the whole flock of Witches: but they fell upon us like Cats firſt; but we have beaten 'em into Witches, and now we have 'em faſt.

Sir *Jeff.* So now, their Power's gone when they are taken, let's go ſee 'em.

Yo. *Har.* I'le waſh my face and away a Hawking, now the Storm's over, 'tis broad day.

Sir *Tim.* I will call up Sir *Edward* Muſick, and wake the two Brides with a Serenade this morning.

Ex. Omnia.

Enter Sir Edward *and his man with a Light.*

Sir Edw. It has been a dreadful Storm, and ſtrangely laid o'th' ſuddain, this is a Joyful day to me: I am now in hopes to ſtrengthen and preſerve my Family—— my poor Daughter has the worſt on't, but ſhe is diſcreet; and will mould Sir *Timothy* to what ſhe pleaſes: he is good natur'd, and he loves her, and his Eſtate's beyond Exception.--- Go call my Son to me, bid him riſe, 'tis day, put out the Candle now.

Ex. Servant.

This Son, I out of Duty muſt provide for; for there's a Duty from a Father to make what he begets as happy as he can; and yet this Fool makes me unhappy as he can: but that I call Philoſophy to my aid, I could not bear him.

Enter Young Harfort *and Servant.*

How now, your Face ſcrach't! what were you drunk laſt night, and have been at Cuffs?

Yo. *Har.* No, Sir *Timothy*, I, and *Tegue O Devilly*, and *Tom. Shaklehead* were aſſaulted by Witches in the Shapes of Cats; and *Tom. Shaklehead* has cut off one of the Cats hands; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the Stable under a ſtrong Guard.

Sir *Edw.* What fooliſh wild ſtory is this? you have been drunk in Ale, that makes ſuch foggy Dreams.

Yo. *Har.* S'bud Sir, the ſtory is true, you'l find it ſo.

Sir *Edw.* How now! what makes you booted upon your Wedding-day?

Yo. *Har.* Why, I am going a Hawking this morning, and I'le come home time enough to be marry'd.

Sir Edw. Thou moſt incorrigible Aſs, whom no precept or example can teach common ſence to, that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching happineſs; it would have fill'd thy mind, there could have been no room for any other object; to have a good Eſtate ſetled upon thee, and to be married to a woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wiſdom, I have not known her equal, would have tranſported any one but ſuch a clod of Earth as thou art: thou art an excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. *Har.* Why Sir, I am tranſported; but can't one be tranſported with Hawking too? I love it as I love my life, would you have a Gentleman neglect his ſports?

Sir *Edw.* None but the vileſt men will make their ſports their buſineſs, their books, their friends, their kindred and their country ſhould concern 'em: ſuch drones ſerve not the ends of their Creation, and ſhould be lopt of from the reſt of men.

Yo. *Har.* A man had better dye than leave his ſport; tell me of books, I think there's nothing in 'em for my part; and for Muſick I had as live ſet in the ſtocks, as hear your fine ſongs; I love a Bagpipe well enough, but there's no Muſick like a deep Mouth'd Hound.

Sir Edw. Thou moſt exceſſive blockhead, thou art enough to imbitter all my ſweets; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I ſhall do well to cut thee off: but do you hear Fool,

go

go and dreſs your ſelf, and wait upon your Bride; or by Heaven I will diſinherit you. This is the Critical day, on which your happineſs or miſery depends; Think on that.

Ex. Sir Edward.

Yo. *Har.* Was ever ſo deviliſh a Father to make one neglect one's ſport, becauſe he's no ſports-man himſelf; A Pox on Marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too? well I am reſolv'd I'le ſteal out after I am Marry'd.

Enter Sir *Timothy* and Muſick.

Sir *Tim.* Come on: Place your ſelves juſt by her Chamber and play—and ſing that Song I love ſo well.

Song.

My Dear, my ſweet, and moſt delicious Bride
Awake, and ſee thine own Dear waiting at thy Dore;
Surely ſhe cannot ſleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue.

Iſabela above. { Who's this diſturbs my reſt! is it thou? I thought 'twas ſome Impertinent Cotcomb or other; doſt thou hear, carry away that ſcurvy Face from me as ſoon as poſſibly thou canſt.

Sir *Tim.* Well, you have a pleaſant way with you, you'll never leave your pretty humors, I ſee that.

Iſab. Ha! Thou haſt been ſcratching with Wenches, was not thy face ugly enough, but thou muſt diſfigure it more than Nature has done? one would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir *Tim.* Faith thou art a pretty wag, Thou'lt never leave thy Roguery, Wenches, why 'twas done by Witches, who in the ſhape of Cats, had like to have kil'd us: your Brother, my Uncle, and the Iriſh man are all as bad as I.

Iſab. Prethee begon, and mend thy Face, I cannot bear it.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, it's no matter, I'le come into thy Chamber, I muſt be familiar with you——

Iſab. And I will be very free with you; you are a Nauſeous Fool and you ſhall never come into my Chamber. S'life, would you begin your Reign before you are Marry'd? no, I'le dominere now—begon.

Ex. Iſabela.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, faith I'le not leave you ſo, you little Croſs Rogue you; open the dore there, let me in, let me in I ſay. Theodoſia *comes out in a Witches habit and a Vizor.*

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my love, come into my arms.

Sir *Tim.* Oh the Witch! the Witch! help, help. *He runs out,* Theodoſia *retires.*

Enter Sir *Jeffery, Lady, Tegue O Devilly, Tom. Shatklehead, Clod,* and Sir *Jefferies* Clerk.

Sir *Jeff.* So, Now thou art come, my Dear, I'le diſpatch the Witches, they are all taken and Guarded in the ſtable: *Clod,* bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. *Sha.* That's well, are they caught? let 'em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir *Jeff.*

Sir *Jeff.* I would do nothing without thee my Dear.

Prieſt. Here *Lady* Taake ſome 1. Conjur'd ſhalt and put upon dee and palme, and ſhome Holy-Wax daat I did bring for diſh occaaſion, and de Witches will not hurt dy Laadyſhip.

La. *Sha.* Thank you Sir.

Prieſt. I did give dy Husband ſhome before Joy, but I will ſpeak a word unto you all, Let every one 2. ſpit three times upon deir Boſhomes, and Croſs demſelves, it is braave upon dis occaaſion.

Sir *Jeff.* It ſhall be done. *They all do it.*

Prieſt. Daat is very well now. Let no Vitch 3. touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arſhes before deir Faaſhes, phen dey come to Confeſſion or Examinaation. We have eye-biting Witches in *Eerland*, that kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir *Jeff.* This is a very Learned and Wiſe man.

La. *Sha.* He is a great man indeed, we are nothing to him.

Prieſt. You vill ſhee now, now I will ſpeak unto dem, here dey come; I ſhay bring their Arſhes before deir Faaſhes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom. Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir *Jeff.* You *Clod*, and you *Tom. Shacklehead* have ſworn ſufficiently againſt the Witch *Spencer*, and ſo has that Country Fellow.

M. Spen. I am an Innocent Woman, and they have broken my arm with a ſhoe, Rogues, Villains, Murderers.

Prieſt. Dey are angry, daat is a certain ſign of a Vitch; and dey cannot cry, 4 daat is anoder ſhine; look to 'em dey doe not put ſpittle upon deir Faaſhes to maake beleiſe daat dey do weep: Yet *Bodin* doſh ſhay, daat a Vitch can cry three drops vid her right Eye, I tell you.

Sir *Jeff.* Have you ſearcht 'em all as I bid you Woman?

Woman. Yes an't pleaſe your Worſhip, and they have all great Biggs and Teates in many parts, except Mother *Madge*, and hers are but ſmall ones.

La. *Sha.* It is enough, make their Mittimus, and ſend 'em all to Goal.

Witches. I am Innocent, I am Innocent.
Save my life, I am no Witch,
I am Innocent, ſave my life.

Prieſt. Ven dey do ſhay dey are Innocent, and deſhire to ſhave deir lives, 'tis a ſhertain ſhigne of a Vitch fait and trot.

Woman. Beſides, this Woman *Margaret Demlike* by name, threatned to be revenged on me, and my Cow has been ſuckt dry ever ſince, and my Child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, ſhe lies, I am Innocent.

Tom. Sha. This is ſhe that had a hand cut off, it fits her to a hair.

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis enough: 'Tis enough.

M. Harg. Muſt I be hang'd for having my hand cut off? I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

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1. *Mal. Malif. Inſtitor Springer*, Part 3. Queſt 15. A caution to the Judges, *Secum deferant ſal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum & herbas benedictas, Hæ enim res inſimul cum cera benedicta in aqua*

voluta & in collo deportata, &c. miram habent efficatiam, &c. [I have made my *Irish* man translate the *Latin* false on purpose. 2. For spitting in their Bosoms, see *Tibullus, Eleg.* 2. *Ter Cano ter dicis de spuo carminibus.*] And in *Eleg.* 1. *De spuo in molles & sibi quisq; sinu.* This *Theocritus* mentions, ὡς μὴ βασκανθῇ αὐτὸς ὑπ' ἄλλου πλέον, and several other Authors, particularly *Theophrastus libro de characterismis*, speaking of superstitious persons: μαινομένῳ τε ἴδον ἢ ἐπιληπτον ἐπέιξας ὡς πλέον εἶδεν, for they thought they that were mad, or had the Falling-sickness, were possessed with Devils. 3. *Mal. Mallif.* part 3. quest. 15. *Non permittant se ab ea tangi corporaliter. Id. Ibid. Et si comode fieri potest ipsa a tergo deorsum vertendo ad Judices & assessores introducatur.* 4. *Bodin* and several Authors mention this; but *Mal. Malef.* particularly Part 3. Quest. 15. p. 557. *Hoc enim pro certissimo signo, &c. quod etiamsi ad Lacrimandum conjurationibus hortetur aliqua & compellatur* (and the Inquisitors have an Office for this, as you will see in the *Flagellum dæmonum per Fr. Jeron. Menguem.* in the 2. *Tome* of *Mal. Malef.*) *sed si Malefica existit Lachrymas emittere non potest, dabit quidem flebiles & ex sputo genas & oculos linire &c.* Having of Biggs and Teats all modern Witchmongers in *England* affirm. The cutting off the hand is an old story.

Constab. Did not you say to my Wife you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with pain in her rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her farrow last Night?

Harg. You should send your Brother to Goal for cutting my hand off.

Tom. Sha. What! for cutting a Cats hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o Georges. An't please your Worship this Woman, Gamer *Dickinson*, Who threped and threped, and aw to becaw'd me last Neeght i'th' Lone, and who said he would be reveng'd on me; and this Morning at four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale warck a bit, who has bewicht it.

Sir *Jeff.* I have heard enough, send 'em all to the Goal.

La. *Sha.* You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Vitch, I vill be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed, I did taake her by my shoule——.

Dick. I am a poor Innocent Woman, I am abused, and I am his wife an't please your worship: He had knowledg of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir *Jeff.* Hah! what's this?

Priest. By my Shalvaation I am innocent as de Child unborn, I speak it before Heavn, I did never make fornicaation in my life.

Aside. Vid my Nostrills: dere is a mental reservaation, I am too subtil for dem, indeed gra. *To them.* It is malice upon me.

La. *Sha.* There is something in this story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir *Jeff.* I do believe you Mr. *O Devilly*.

Dicken. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a *Priest*, I vill taake de Oades Fait and trot; I did never taake Holy Orders since I was bore.

Aside. In *Jamaica.* Dere is anoder Mentall reservaation too; and it is Lawful.

Constab. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at *Rome.*

Priest. I speak it in de presence of all de Saints, daat I never did see *Rome* in all my life, Vid de eyes of a Lyon. *Aside.* Dere was anoder by my shoule.

Sir *Jeff.* Take away the Witches, there is their Mittimus, carry 'em all to *Lancaster.*

Witches. } I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Conſtab. Come on you Hags, now your Maſter the Devil has left you.

Ex. Conſt. and Witches.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir you muſt excuſe me, I muſt give you the Oathes upon this Information.

Prieſt. And by my ſhoule Joy, I will taak dem and *twenty* or *thirty* more Oades if dou doſnt pleaſe indeed, I vill take 'em all to ſerve dee, Fait and Trot.

Sir *Jeff.* Come into the Hall, there's the Statute Book.

La. *Sha.* I will go in and ſee if the Brides be Ready.

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, This day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the Settlement of my Children; this day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I ſhould have had a greater ſhare in any Joy that could affect ſo worthy a man, had not your Daughter been the only Perſon, I ever ſaw, whom I could have fixt my love upon; but I am unhappy that I had not the honour to know you till it was to late.

Sir *Edw.* This had been a great honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am ſorry I did not know it ſooner, and aſſure you it is ſome trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it, but I have an Aſs, Nay two, to deal with.

Enter *Lady Shacklehead*, and *Iſabella*, and *Theodoſia*.

La. *Sha.* Good morrow Brother, our brace of Brides are ready, where are the luſty Bridegrooms?

Sir *Edw.* Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. *Sha.* Mr. *Doubty*, was ever ſuch an unlucky Night as we have had.

Doubt. Tis happy to me who was aſſur'd of the love of one, I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. *Sha.* Now you make me bluſh, I ſwear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wiſh you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much happineſs to you.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, and *Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir *Jeff.* Brother, good morrow to you; This is a happy day, our families will ſoon be one: I have ſent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir *Edw.* Had you Evidence enough?

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, too much; this Gentleman was accuſed for being a Papiſt and a Prieſt, and I have given him the Oathes, and my Certificate, and on my Conſcience he is a very good Proteſtant.

Prieſt. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Proteſtant upon occaſion, Fait.

Sir Edw. *Say you ſo? between you and I, how many Sacraments are there?*

Prieſt, *How many? by my ſhoule dere are ſheven; how many would dere be tink you?*

you Hah? by my shoule I have a dispensation, indeed I am too cunning for 'em fait I am. Aside.

Sir *Edw.* So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and Yo. *Harfort*, *Servant*.

Sir *Tim.* Oh my Dear pretty Bride, let me kiss thy hand, how joyful am I, that I shall have my Dear within these arms! ah now the little Rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. *Har.* Cousin good morrow to you, I am glad to see you, how do you do this Morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. *Har.* God be thanked, I am very glad on't.

Sir *Edw.* Is not the Parson come yet?

Serv. Yes Sir, he is very busy at his Breakfast in the buttery: And as soon as he has finisht his Pipe and his Tankard—he will wait on you: he has Marry'd one Cupple already, The *Chaplin* and Mrs. *Susan*.

Sir *Edw.* How!

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir *Edw.* I am sorry for't, that *Chaplin* is a Rascal—I have found him out, and will turn him away——

Enter another *Servant*.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your Tennants and Country men come to be merry with you, and have brought their Piper and desire to daunce before you.

Enter several *Tennants*, and *Country Fellows*.

Tennants. We are come to wish your Worship, my Young Master and Lady Joy of this happy day.

Sir *Edw.* You are kindly welcom Neighbours, this is happiness indeed, to see my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bless your good Worship.

Sir *Edw.* These honest men are the strength and sinnews of our Country; such men as these are uncorrupted, and while they stand to us we fear no Papists, nor *French* invasion; this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ayst make bold to Daunce for joy.

Sir *Edw.* Prethee do—— *Clod Dances.*

Go bid the Parson come in, we will dispatch this business here before you all.

Isab. Hold, there needs no Parson.

Sir *Edw.* What say you?

Sir *Jeff.* How!

Isab. We are Marry'd already, and desire your blessing.

Sir *Edw.* It is impossible. *Bell. Doubt. Isab. and Theo. kneel.*

La. Sha. Heav'n! what's this I see?

Sir *Jeff.* Theives! Robbers! Murderers of my honour, I'le hang that Fellow.

Sir *Edw.* What pageantry is this? explain your self.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devil do they mean now!

Bell. The truth is Sir, we are Marry'd; we found you Fathers were too far ingag'd to break off: Love forced us to this way, and nothing elſe can be a fit excuſe.

Doubt. We have deſigned this ever ſince laſt Summer, and any other but a private way, had certainly prevented it. Let exceſs of love excuſe our fault, Sir *Jeffery*, I will exceed what ſetlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, Sir, do the ſame Right to yours.

Sir *Jeff.* Fleſh and Heart—I'le Murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir, ſhe is mine now; I beſeech you moderate your paſſion.

La. *Sha.* Oh vile Creature; I'le tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear good Madam: What cannot be redreſt muſt be paſt by—

La. *Sha.* Thou worſt of Theives, thou knoweſt I can ne're paſs it by.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir *Edward*, you may do what you will, but I'le go in and meditate revenge.

La *Sha.* And I—— *Ex.* Sir *Jeffery* and *Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold me, I am bloody minded, and ſhall commit Murder elſe; my honour, my honour, I muſt kill him, hold me faſt, or I ſhall kill him.

Yo. *Har.* For my part Couſin, I wiſh you Joy, for I am reſolved to hunt and hawk, and courſe as long as I live—

Sir *Tim.* Cruel Woman, I did not think you would have ſerv'd me ſo; I ſhall run mad, and hang my ſelf and walk.

Prieſt. Now phaar is de ſoleedity of all diſh— phy all iſh paaſht. and what vil you ſay now? You muſt taak ſhome Conſolaation unto you— Dou muſt Fornicaate vid dy Moders Maid ſharvants; and daat' is all one by my ſhoule.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, Gentlemen, who Marry'd you?

Bell. This Gentleman, who is under his gray Coat, my Parſon.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis ſomething unhoſpitable.

Bell. I hope Sir, you'l not have cauſe to repent it; had there been any other way for me to have eſcap't perpetual miſery, I had not taken this.

Sir *Edw.* But you Sir have moſt Injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a thouſand pardons, Tho' I muſt have periſht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son; we muſt have been unhappy.

Iſab. And I had been miſerable with Sir *Timothy.*

Yo. *Har.* To ſay truth, I did not much care for her neither, I had rather not marry.

Sir *Edw.* Eternal Blockhead! I will have other means to preſerve my Name: Gentlemen, your are men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families—Sir I wiſh you happineſs with my Daughter, take her.

Bell. You have given me more than my own Father did, then life and fortune.

Iſab. You are the beſt of Fathers and of men.

Sir *Edw.* I will endeavour to appeaſe Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady.*

Doubt. Your are Generous beyond expreſſion Sir.

Exe.

Enter Chaplin and Susan.

Chaplin. Sir, I hope your Worſhip will pardon me, I am Marry'd to Mrs. *Susan.*

Sir *Edw.* You are a Villain, that has made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? good Sir, continue me your Chaplin, and I will Do and Preach whatever you command me.

Sir *Edw.* I'le not have a Divine with ſo flexible a Conſcience, there ſhall be no ſuch Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never ſhall have Orders. But ſhe has ſerv'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40. *l. per annum* to Plow:: Go Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Prieſt. Did I not bid de Fornicaate? and dou didſt Marry Joy; if dou hadſt not maade Marriage, I vould have maade dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint *Omers, Dey ſhould have bred dee for one of deir Witneſſes ſait.*

Enter a *Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. I muſt beg your pardon Sir, I have a warrant againſt this *Kelly, Alias Teague O Devilly*—he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir *Edw.* My houſe is no refuge for Traytors Sir.

Prieſt. Aboo, boo, boo! by my ſhalvaation dere is no Plot, and I vill not go vid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatick, if dou doſht ſhay dere is a Plot. Dou art a Presbiterian Dogg.

Meſſ. No ſtriving, come a long with me.

Prieſt. Phaat vil I do: I am Innocent as de Child dat is to be Born; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a ſhaint indeed. *My hanging Speech was maade for me, long a go by de Jeſuits, and I have it ready, and I vill live and dy by it, by my ſhoule.*

Meſſ. Gentlemen, I charge you in the Kings Name aſſiſt me.

Sir *Edw.* Come Gentlemen, I wiſh you both the happineſs you deſerve.
How ſhallow is our foreſight and our prudence!
Be ne're ſo wiſe, deſign what e're we will
There is a Fate that over-rules us ſtill.

FINIS

EPILOGUE,

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. *A Skilful Mistriss uses wondrous Art,*
To keep a pevish crazy Lovers Heart,
His awkard Limbs forgetful of Delights,
Must be urg'd on by Tricks and Painful Nights:
Which the poor Creature is content to bear,
Fine Manteau's, and new Petticoats to wear.
And Sirs, your sickly Appetites to raise,
The starving Players try a thousand ways,
You had a Spanish Fryer *of Intrigue,*
And now we have presented you a Tegue;
Which with much cost from Ireland *we have got,*
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the Plot.

Tegue. *Now have a care, for by my Shoul Shalvaation.*
Diss vill offend a Party in de Naation.

Mrs. Barry. *They that are angry must be very Beasts,*
For all Religions laugh at foolish Priests.

Tegue. *By Creesh, I swear, de Poet has undone me,*
Some simple Tory *vill maake beat upon me.*

Mrs. Barry. *Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,*
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.
Our Popes and Fryers on one side offend,
And yet alas the City's not our Friend:
The City neither like us nor our Wit,
They say their Wives learn ogling *in the Pit.*
They'r from the Boxes taught to make advances,
To answer stolen Sighs and naughty Glances.
We Vertuous Ladies some new way must seek,
For all conspire our playing Trade to break.
If the bold Poet freely shows his Vein,
In every place the snarling Fops complain,
Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive Nonsense you must bear.
You, like the Husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful Wife can give.
A Poet dares not whip this foolish Age,
You cannot bear the Physick of the Stage.

The End.

* A foolish word amongthe Canters for glancing.

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